# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 154. WEEK ENDING OCT. 14TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

## One of the "little things" that count:

**"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels fitted rightly on your boots are splendid savers of both your health and nerves.**

No more jarring headache-causing shocks 'twixt hard, unyielding heels and pavement—you just walk everywhere as if your paths were laid with richest Axminster. "Wood-Milnes" keep your boots in shape as well, add weeks and months to their utility, so save you money. A pair of real "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels will outlast three leather soles. Made from better quality rubber than any other rubber heels in the world; whenever and wherever you buy "Wood-Milnes" your satisfaction is assured.

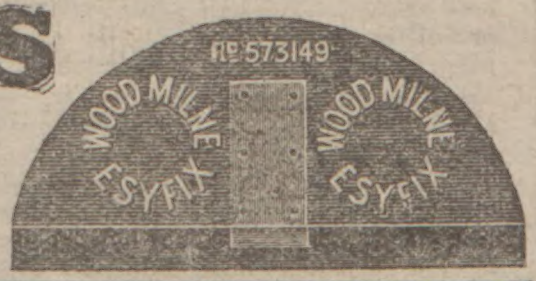
Obtainable in Jet Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber. To make sure of getting the genuine "Wood-Milnes" make sure to see the name "Wood-Milne" stamped on each heel.

## Bear this in mind.

To get the utmost all round benefit from "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels, be sure to have them fixed properly. The circular "Wood-Milnes" should be sunk into the boot-heel, right at the back, and almost flush with the leather. So fixed, they will never skid, come off, or wear unevenly. Best to let the bootmaker fix them.

# Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

The ESYFIX tip is the newest Wood-Milne success—simple, economical, and absolutely efficient. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip is so constructed as to be firmly secured on the boot heels by nails driven through the small leather centre-piece only. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip can, if necessary, be fixed in a couple of minutes, and a new tip can be fixed without re-heeling the boot. Two sizes for men and two sizes for ladies.



# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21 Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Dye your soiled Brown Boots Black; recipe for dyeing a dozen pairs at cost of 2d. for P.O. 6d.—Box 4510, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Autumn wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over packet) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept. 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Splendid overcoat, in good condition, velvet collar; 36-in. chest; 10s., bargain.—Box 4515, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The "Scarboro Mac." folds into pocket, weight 1½lb., Raglan style, guaranteed; 15s., post free, any size. Send chest measure and length.—Folkard, Outfitter, Scarborough.

Reversible sporting coats, waterproof, in good condition; 15s., or near offer; cost £4 4s.—Box 4519, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Billiard table, size 9ft. by 4½ft., and accessories, splendid condition; what offers?—Box 4522, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, bagatelle board, with all accessories.—State full particulars to Box 4520, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, medium-sized cycle frame B.S.A. preference.—Particulars, Box 4521, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Two double barrelled sporting rifles, in splendid condition, with leather case; also a double .12 bore top lever hammer gun; £8, or offers.—Box 4524, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, one pair Dr. Mirovitch motor goggles, in case, brand new, never been used; take 7s. 6d., bargain. Also cheaper pair, new, 2s.—Box 4516, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sandow's spring-grip dumb-bells, cost 12s. 6d.; 4-volt Sampson accumulator, cost 14s. 6d.; ½in. electric spark coil, cost 12s. 6d. All half price; separately or offers.—Box 4518, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Clease Extensor apparatus, new, cost £3 3s., and "Art of Physical Beauty" and "How You Can be Taller," cost 3s. 6d.; also a Hawke's superior class military flute, perfect condition, worth £1; cheap. What offers?—Ed. Jackson, 2, Hawthorne Villas, Adelaide Road, Chichester.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Skates, new, racing; £1 cash; cost 35s.—Box 4523, "The Modern Man," 21 Tudor Street, London.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Lucrative appointment offered to man able to interview farmers and others; many representatives earn big money; attractive scheme much appreciated.—Mutual Society, 27, The Temple, Liverpool.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 169.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Soiled weights. Great bargains. Send for free list, several tons in stock, cut prices, tremendous bargains, splendid opportunity.—Inch, Dept. M.M., Munster House, Fulham, S.W.

Sandow dumb bells, brand new, best quality, with chart; 6s. 6d., bargain.—Box 4525, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Chest developer, one that fixes to door; 2s. 6d.—Box 4526, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, a horizontal bar, in good condition, for cash.—Box 4527, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

## MEDICAL, &c.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Genuine recipe for making splendid Tonic Wine for invalids, cheaper and better than any advertised wines, sent for 1s. P.O.—Box 4517, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Safety razors reground, 1d. each, Gillette, Clemak, Auto-Strop, Ever Ready, etc., made equal to new, or money cheerfully refunded. Copy of unsolicited testimonial: "C. V. D., Nicholas Lane, E.C. Dear Sirs,—I enclose P.O. and 12 more blades, which kindly have ground and returned to me. The last twelve turned out very satisfactory."—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 6d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Employ yourself. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets, and the know how, 1s. 2d., post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Bury.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free, 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.


**PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.**

**Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.**

**Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.**

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 38in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.**

The Modern Man

AL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. elephone, Gerrard 2979.

ING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, ondon, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, /2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing epartment at above address.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to onsider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance or those which prove suitable. All contributions must be gibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and ust be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for eturn in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold imself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution ubmitted on approval.

## CHEEK.

h all this trouble brewing in Europe, there is no need : Why is Sir Edward Grey?

* * *

nsiderable interest was vouchsafed, in the dressing- of the Gaiety chorus the other night, to an evening- article on "Johnnies"—until it was realised that the dealt with Johannesburg stock, and had nothing to h golden youths at all.

* * *

Mr. Bruce-Joy has been commissioned to execute a bust of the late King Edward VII. for the Mayo al in India. Pardon my artless remark that the news ave given Mr. Bruce-Joy.

* * *

nt people are those who have sharp tongues.

* * *

atrical people are wondering: Why should Pelham go all the way to Australia in search of the ashes we have already got them (spelt Asches) at the Garrick re?

* * *

spoon" will often stir up strife—especially if the girl s to another man.

* * *

ys a writer in a contemporary, "Ireland is held not to ." That is precisely why Ireland is known to mind.

* * *

advertisement reads, "Bedroom for gentleman ; meals if desired." I suppose the advertiser wants ntleman to be small for fear he might eat too much.

* * *

hat article in a contemporary on "Should We Eat " may not have been highly illuminating; but it was iously rude of a correspondent to write to the author esting that he should go and eat coke.

* * *

welcome the Barmen and Barmaids' Union because iages between people of the same trade are almost in- bly happy.

* * *

hat parson who recently called a policeman "a mangel- el-faced, turnip-hearted monkey" was simply asking he retort, "I wish I 'ad the *'art to choke* yer!"

* * *

weekly paper advances the advisability of "State Pro- on for Actors." Eggs-actly.

* * *

That "Pall Mall Gazette" headline, "Post Office Dis- ent," referred for once to the employees, and not, as to the feelings of the general public.

* * *

The Rev. F. B. Meyer describes himself as "simply vehicle for the expresion of public sentiment." Please, I know the sort of vehicle Mr. Meyer is. He is an old growler."

T. S. Cox.

## STARTING FOR SPRINTS.

### THE PROS AND CONS OF THE RIVAL METHODS.

By far the most widely used form of starting for sprints is the American crouch, with the hands on the line. Excellent times have been made by Yankee runners, and professionals from other places, with a starting method of this kind; but there is an extensive body of experts in England who assert that the times would have been even better had a different attitude been taken up at the start.

This contention seems to be backed up with a certain amount of common-sense, for surely the straightening of the body to attain an upright position must militate against speed in getting away at the crack of the pistol.

One method of starting, however, which strikes one as possessing greater claims, and which is already used by many crack sprinters, was projected by Mr. C. B. Fry, who explained it to the writer. It is done thus:—

Standing with your left foot on the line (or if it is more natural to you, with your right foot foremost) you rest all the weight of the body on that foot. At the same time you balance yourself by stretching one arm out in front and the other behind you, the foremost arm being opposite to the foremost leg, and vice-versa. That is, if your left leg is on the line you stretch out your right arm in front.

Then at the crack of the pistol, you give a quick "dab" at the ground with your foremost leg, which is bearing all your weight. In this way you have two alternatives—to shoot off like an arrow or to fall on your nose. After a little practice you cannot fail to choose the former.

### TUBBING AFTER EXERCISE.

A bath or plunge after hard exercise is excellent in every way, but it must be taken correctly. Many men are unwise enough to come in red-hot and jump into a cold bath—and then they wonder why it is they get tonsilitis next day.

Equally dangerous is it to get into a very hot bath when you are perspiring already. In this way you simply get chilled when you go into the open-air again. The thing to do is to take a moderately warm one, and follow it up with a cold sponge down, or preferably, a shower-bath.

## HOW HORSES JUMP.

### VARYING VIEWS OF EXPERT RIDERS.

On the subject of "fencing"—in the horsey sense—sportsmen seem, strangely enough, to find an inexhaustible fund of argument. To the average man it would appear to be undeniable that every horse lands on terra firma, after taking a fence, on his fore legs. But is this always so?

A study of hoof-marks on moderately difficult steeplechase courses was instituted by some sporting statisticians not long ago, with the result that it was found that in many cases the marks of the two fore and the two hind feet were within a few inches of each other, while in a few instances the prints of the shoes of the hind feet were even *in front of* the hoof-marks of the fore feet!

What does this prove? Conclusively enough that in the latter cases the horses have landed on their fore feet, and have had so much "go" on them from the "take off" with the hind quarters that, while the fore feet were on the ground after the jump, the hind hoofs have swung past and landed in front.

Look at snapshots of steeplechase jumps, and you will often see the effect described.

To use the words attributed to Tom Cannon, "The horse's stride has been so little upset by the jump that his hind quarters come well under him, so that his hind legs actually pass the spot where his fore legs landed."

On the other hand, that equally famous jockey, Dick Christian, whose records over fences have probably not been equalled, said: "A quick and safe jumper always goes from hind legs to hind legs. If a horse can't land on his hind legs, he soon beats himself; good rumps and good hind legs, them's the sort!"

It is considered, however, by present-day experts that Dick Christian must have confounded his idea with the fact that a horse often does what is called "bucking" over a fence, throwing himself over, as it were, and alighting on all four legs at once.

D. N.

# THE BIG DOUBLE

## STORIES OF THE CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National Steeplechase, otherwise known as the "Lincoln and National," there are probably no two other races which are more popular with the racing public as a "double event" than the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

Both run at Newmarket (though at different meetings) and both originated in 1839, each race is associated with a fund of sporting anecdote.

The Cesarewitch is undoubtedly the long-distance handicap which attracts the best class, and big fields are generally the rule. It takes a good one to win, too; although a moderate performer has been known to creep home with a light weight.

### HOW THE COB WAS BEATEN.

In illustration of this, we may tell how The Cob, who ought to have won in 1886, was beaten by a neck. The Cob was a sturdy, game little animal, but, like a great many good horses, was thoroughly lazy. He had to be ridden all the way.

Alec Taylor, who had trained him, believed him to be unbeatable, so he was very careful in his instructions to the jockey.

"Ride him right past the post," he impressed upon him. "If you drop your hands for one second, he'll stop directly."

The Cob led his field all the way, and had the race practically won; a fact that so elated his rider that he forgot his instructions and dropped his hands. The Cob stopped at once, and the race ended in a win for Stone Clink, who just managed to push home by a neck.

### IN A FRIEND'S NAME.

Lecturer's Cesarewitch had a romance in it which few people were aware of. His owner, the Marquis of Hastings, was at the time frightfully hard pressed for money, and for some reason connected with his finances, struck out of the Cesarewitch all horses entered in his name. It was a stroke of luck for Lecturer's noble owner that he had been originally entered in the name of a friend. So Lecturer was not scratched—and he won by the length of a street.

Corrie Roy's victory was an eye-opener to the old school of trainers, who believed that no horse could win the race who had not galloped several times over the full course—a process which constituted, according to them, "an orthodox Cesarewitch preparation." Corrie Roy had not done this, but she won easily.

Few race-goers who were at the Houghton Meeting (at which the Cambridgeshire is run) in 1882 will forget it, for there was a terrific storm of wind and rain. Carriages were blown over, their wheels revolving furiously in the gale, and so tempestuous was the weather that the race was impossible.

### THOUGHT THE RACE WAS OVER.

Nevertheless, before Mr. Arthur Coventry could get down the course to declare the postponement, several horses had gone to the post, and a large section of the crowd was convinced that they were a small field finishing after the race. In their rain-sodden state, the colours were indistinguishable, so there was great excitement to know what had won. It was not till long after that everybody knew there had been no race at all.

During the last ten years no horse has won the Cesarewitch more than once, but a record of two successive wins has been twice performed in the Cambridgeshire since 1901.

The first occasion was when Hackler's Pride won in 1903, carying 6st 10lb at three years old, and repeated the victory next year, carrying 8st 10lb. Then, in 1909 and 1910, Christmas Daisy won, carrying 7st 2lb the first year, and 8st 2lb in the second.

R. J. Budd.

# THE TURKS AS SAILORS.

## WHY THEIR NAVY IS SO USELESS.

The Turkish fleet is proving hopelessly incompetent against that of Italy, a state of affairs that is not to be wondered at, for the Turks, great warriors as they have been by land, have never been, since the old days of dhows and pirates, of any account as fighters on the high seas.

To go back no further than the Russo-Turkish war, in 1877, when something akin to present-day fighting had already been inaugurated, the Turkish navy proved itself hopelessly ineffective.

Modern warships depend wholly upon machinery, and by Turks now, as at that day, any form of machine is regarded as a special instrument of Providence with an endowed existence.

### TURKISH LOGIC.

"*Machina, deilmi?*" said an old Turk to me once when his mill engines had broken down. "Isn't it an engine? It's got to work."

And that, I fear, is the Turkish mental attitude towards all modern innovations that the Tartar mind cannot fathom.

The Turkish navy is, indeed, to English folk in Constantinople, a subject for jocularity.

I recall how, at one time—not so long ago—the guns on board the Sultan's obsolete warships were utilised by their crews as storage places for their spare clothing and smuggled tobacco, and on more than one occasion disaster occurred from the forgetfulness by a gun's crew of a few mislaid overcoats.

Then, again, in Abdul Hamid's time his Minister of Marine, the late Hassan Pasha, being short of cash, exercised his prerogative to sell the engines out of the Empire's battleships, but honestly divided the resultant spoil with his Imperial master.

### ABDUL HAMID'S SECRET.

Hassan, it should be said, was the only Turkish Minister under the ex-Sultan who held his position triumphantly for more than twenty years, despite all intrigues by his enemies.

There was, however, a potent reason for his stability in office. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the mother of Abdul Hamid was an Armenian. This has always been a grievance to good Turks. But with many of them is the further grievance that Abdul Hamid's real father was believed to be the Sultan Abdul Medjid's Armenian coachman. Of this fact Hassan Pasha is credited with having had proof, which he used as a lever.

One Turkish naval commander, who was later raised to the highest offices, was a few years ago ordered to take his gunboat to Malta for repairs—the Constantinople dockyard having, under Hassan Pasha, become inoperative. He started filled with high hopes, and, by kindly accident, reached and passed the Dardanelles.

### AN ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE.

Thenceforth began his troubles. He drifted down the Ægean coast, bumping against this island and that, and failing to locate any port. At length, when his side cabins and his decks and other woodwork had been perforce utilised for fuel, Providence intervened with a storm, which turned his vessel's head in some way incomprehensible to him (though that didn't matter), so that after a further time of doubt and expectancy, he found himself again at the Dardanelles, and happily drifted through without hurt.

And then, some mornings later, rising betimes, he saw before him the domes and minarets and leafy hills and palaces of Stamboul, and knew himself at home.

After giving thanks to Allah, as befitted, he arrayed himself in his best uniform, with the top boots and spurs that beseemed a Turkish naval officer, and made ashore to the Admiralty Palace on the Golden Horn.

There he was received with the distinction that should belong to an adventurer returned from perilous enterprise.

"How about Malta?" asked the Under-Secretary of State.

"There is no Malta," said the commander, gruffly, with the just indignation of a man resenting an impossible command.

This officer had been absent eighteen months on the cruise, and deserved, therefore, the immediate promotion of a Pashalik, which was at once accorded him by his friends who were in power at the time.

"Vigoro."

# BLACKMAILING SWEETHEARTS.

## THE DANGERS OF LONDON COMMONS.

The young man and woman who have commenced courting in London find that to be quite alone with each other, to use an Irishism, is an extremely difficult thing to accomplish.

They sigh for some quiet secluded spot. The parks are all crowded, so to find it they journey forth to Richmond, Wimbledon, Hampstead, or some other common on the outskirts of the metropolis. There, amidst what seem ideal surroundings of sky, trees, and bracken, they can pour forth their love unrestrained by human presence.

There is, however, a snake in the grass, and they should beware of it. In these quiet, remote spots lurks a foe to their privacy and their purse—the blackmailer.

**WELL KNOWN LOCALLY.**

After dark our commons are infested with these wretches.

The inhabitants of the localities know it well. From time to time reports of cases brought against them appear in the local newspapers, and tales of heroic fights with blackmailers are a constantly recurring theme of conversation among the young men.

But the majority of couples who go, for instance, to Wimbledon Common to spend a quiet evening together know nothing of this. The average man, too, is not of an heroic mould, and is no match for the blustering bullies who pursue this calling.

There appear to be roughly two classes of these individuals: those who work singly, getting money by pestering sweethearts and making themselves objectionable, and those who work in gangs and extort money by intimidation.

**PESTERING A COUPLE.**

Here is the experience of a young couple at Wimbledon last month, to illustrate the methods of the former.

It was about seven o'clock, and they were sitting against a tree in one of the glades beyond the Flagstaff, when they heard the bushes rustling about twenty yards away, and saw a man peering at them, obviously meaning to be seen. Then he started to creep in a circle round where they were sitting, gradually getting closer in, and all the time making a noise. First he was at the front of them, then at the back or side.

When this had gone on for some twenty minutes, and the girl was in a thoroughly nervous state, he jumped quickly out of the bushes and asked for two shillings for a night's lodging.

He was refused, so he sat down about six yards away, and there was nothing else to do but to retreat. This the couple did, and the man followed them until they left the common.

This case is typical; the fellow either gets his money or worries you away altogether.

**WORKING IN GANGS.**

The methods of the other class are pure blackmail. Two men or more watch for a couple sitting or lying down by themselves; they go boldly up, accuse them of immoral conduct, and demand money.

Sometimes they will condescend to artifice, stating that their victims have by their conduct broken the bye-laws of the common, and demanding their names and addresses for the purpose of laying an information against them. When they have obtained these, they intimate that the matter can be squared.

In a recent case one of these men came forward and posed as a detective. He accused a gentleman, who, by the way, was with his sister, of immoral conduct, and threatened to arrest him unless he cared to give him something to say nothing about it. The lady was so upset that the gentleman gave the man a sovereign to get rid of him.

These ruffians, however, do not always get the best of it. On Barnes Common a little while back a young man with his girl was accused by two of these blackmailers. He showed fight, but was impeded by his girl, who begged him to desist. At this moment there arrived upon the scene a stranger who evidently recognised their game, for he set about the men so lustily with a stick that they speedily decamped. But probably in nine cases out of ten the victim pays up and says nothing.

Enough has been written to draw attention to this abominable evil. Young couples cannot be too careful when they are out after dark in secluded parts of our commons. The money loss is trifling compared with the damage that could easily be done to the health of a woman of nervous temperament.

**DRASTIC MEASURES NEEDED.**

The footpads who infested these outlying commons in the old days could, on occasion, be chivalrous to women, but these modern pests make their presence the opportunity for their attacks.

No punishment is too severe to be meted out to them by the law, or by those of their intended victims who are physically capable of administering it.

It is a scandal that they should be allowed to carry on their depredations practically undisturbed.

A few instances of shooting at sight on the part of their victims might have a salutary effect on these wretches, who are, at bottom, thorough cowards.

S. Cox.

---

Even a London policeman begins to grow impatient when the twenty-sixth person puts to him the now popular inquiry: "Where *is* Nice Place?"

---

## "SLIPPING" HITS.

Although it is a practice that can be easily overdone, still a judicious amount of "slipping" should be used by every boxer. To do it properly, you should keep a very sharp eye on your opponent's movements, and, instead of guarding his hits, duck down under, or slip away sideways from, his arm.

The great value of a correctly-carried-out "slip" or "duck" is that after missing his blow, your adversary is almost sure to over-reach himself and fall forward, thus offering you an excellent opportunity for a hard uppercut or jab at the ribs. It is much prettier, too, than a slovenly "wiping away" of a lead, which is often done by moderate boxers.

---

# HOW TO FALL.

## POINTS WHICH MOST ATHLETES SHOULD KNOW

In almost every sport a man has occasion to fall down now and again, and a knowledge of how to do this so as to sustain the least possible injury is obviously of the utmost importance.

You will often see a young footballer get up groaning with pain after the simplest charge, and an old hand rise smiling after a bumper that would seem to have broken his bones. This is because the latter knows how to fall.

Roughly speaking, the great thing to remember when you are falling (though the deuce of it is that at the precise moment you always think of something else) is to keep your whole body limp, every muscle in it as slack as can be, and to go down like a log.

If you can avoid it, don't let any limb be underneath you when you touch the ground, and don't let your head come down first. Probably the best point to alight on is one side of the portion which nature intended you to sit down on.

So much for falling at football or wrestling. When you get knocked down in a boxing contest you are up against a stiffer proposition. In this case you go down suddenly, so suddenly that you are on the boards, counting planets and things, before you have time to think; but wherever it is possible remember these points:—

Kick out your legs and throw your arms up, so as not to have them under you, and fall on your back. Don't commit the grave error of putting out an arm to save yourself, or you'll probably break it. Incline your head forward on to your chest as you fall backwards; and remember that the more fearlessly you let yourself go, the less actual injury or pain you will suffer.

The only occasion where you cannot help yourself in any way is when you fall from a horse, for he usually chucks you off "all anyhow." Your neck, however, generally manages to get in the way; so a great thing to remember when riding a strange horse, is not to wear a stiff collar.

# IN BRIEF AUTHORITY

HOW MEN BEHAVE WHEN TEMPORARY GREATNESS IS THRUST UPON THEM.

The world has always laughed at the man dressed in a little brief authority. It has laughed—that is, if the brief authority did not extend to itself; and it has laughed, too, partly because it did not realise how difficult a task it is to wield authority that is brief.

The fact is that all who are suddenly placed in such a position have the most delicate of tasks, and to come through a period of brief authority without having made a fool of oneself or an enemy of one's colleague, is a feat that any man might be proud of. It also denotes a level head that is sure to prosper in business.

A man's outlook during most of his life—I speak of the majority of men—is that of servant, and not master, in his business career. The outlook is so utterly different from that of the master that it is impossible to imagine one from an experience of the other.

### IMPRESSING THE JUNIORS.

But the time comes occasionally to every servant when he is temporarily in charge. He is given brief authority, say, during a holiday or during the illness of the usual head.

Junior members of the staff are favourite objects for the display of authority. I well remember a middle-aged book-keeper who found himself in charge of an office one day. His first act was to ring violently at the bell communicating with the office boys' and messengers' room. Then one by one he had them all before him, and in solemn, would-be judicial tones, he explained to them their daily duties—duties they had carried out for years hitherto without such instructions.

Nevertheless, tapping the desk, and taking up what he thought were striking and impressive attitudes, the new broom in brief authority, thought he was doing things splendidly, just "keeping those wretched boys up to their work," in fact.

That there was a burst of ribald laughter as each boy returned to the common room did not seem to give the new broom pause.

### UNNECESSARY CRITICISM.

Another form of the "brief authority" disease is the mania for criticism and correcting.

"If you have power use it on every occasion" would seem to be the motto of these people.

Thus, office letters that are perfectly correct and plainly expressed are subjected to minute criticism and examination; phrases are altered, and the whole thing re-typed without adding a feather-weight to its strength or lucidity.

One of the finest expressions of the true spirit in which authority should be taken up occurred to me in an office where I had the privilege of serving. A new manager came in. We expected all sorts of drastic changes, but to our surprise nothing happened. For a whole week things went on as usual, while the "new broom" appeared scarcely to sweep at all—to our knowledge.

### IN THE ROOM MARKED "PRIVATE."

Then one day the manager asked us—he did not send for us, but he quietly asked us to go to his room for a chat.

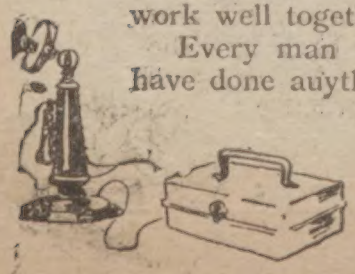
We went—some of us in uncertain spirits.

Without any show of authority he spoke very pleasantly but quite generally on the office work.

Then he wound up with words to this effect: "For quite six months," he said, "I shall be entirely in your hands, feeling my way. I shall always be glad if you will give me the benefit of your knowledge of the methods of the business. You know them; I don't. If we change our methods—and we may—we shall do so gradually, and only after we have found and proved better ways. I hope we shall all work well together."

Every man who left that room would then and there have done anything for a manager like that.

C. H. Pelly.



# A DIRTY DAY.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN UNCONVENTIONAL WALK.

"It's utterly absurd!" was the exclamation of more than one of the inmates of the house when I suggested a brisk walk to fill in the afternoon. Everybody regarded the mere mention of a walk on such a day as a certain sign of incipient insanity.

And truly, judged by some standards, it was an awful day. There was a boisterous wind to begin with; then it was raining hard—raining in that grey, stolid, good-for-twelve-hours style, that only visits the wide pasture lands of remote and high-standing country—and the sky was as shadowy lead, here almost purple, there a little lighter, but nowhere showing any signs of a break. Sodden, like drenched fleece, the cloud mass rose out of the south-west and overshadowed the land, dropping pitiless rain.

### TURNING OUT.

Where there were any leaves left by the roadsides the wind whirled them along and the rain made a miniature clatter upon their dry and crisp surface.

This, then, was the day on which I had invited all who cared to come for a smart walk to fill in the often tedious interval, on an open day, between lunch and the hour when the house was closed against the elements, the fire filled with logs, and the deepest arm-chairs pulled forward towards the blaze.

Finding none to accompany me, I was forced—though not unwillingly—to turn out alone. With a cap, a stout rainproof, a thick pair of boots, and an ashplant to flourish as I went along, I opened the door and received the first slap in the face from wind and rain. The doors throughout the house banged in chorus at the sudden inrush of air, but before a word of complaint reached me I was out upon the road.

### FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS.

It was a dirty day, and no mistake. For the first ten minutes it was a hard fight to get accustomed to the onslaught. Rain lashed into my face and made me keep my eyes almost closed; while the wind whisked open the last two buttons of my rainproof coat and let in the rain. Every instant my cap threatened to take flight over the hedge into the sodden field.

This state of bewilderment passed, happily, as I got into my stride and closed the various openings through which the wind and rain had made desperate efforts to enter.

Then followed that delicious period in which one feels that one is getting the better of the enemy. A sense of readiness for a ten-times stronger gale fills the heart, and you march along with an additional swing. You begin to you break out into loud snatches of song, which you fling on to the gale, surprising the field workmen sheltering in the deep ditches by your extraordinary merriment on such a soaking day.

Anyway, I sang again and again, in sheer enjoyment. Sometimes the sound was driven back into my throat as soon as my mouth was opened by a fierce blast that seemed consciously striving to bottle up my voice.

### PLEASURES OF VICTORY.

But it was a delicious, invigorating, exhilarating experience fighting that wind, defying that rain, scorning the mud that more and more gathered round my boots and found its way higher and higher up my leggings.

To this period of exhilaration there succeeded the best experience of all. No wind or rain could stop me now. I had won, and I walked steadily on with a growing sense of warmth and victory.

As early dusk approached the thought of the fireside became attractive, and I turned homewards, taking a shorter way through muddier lanes and overhanging trees. From these a drenching shower spattered down at every gust, and many drops found their way down the neck of my coat, giving me a momentary shiver.

Arrived once more at home, the lamps alight, the fires aglow, the change was welcome. It was a luxury to enter with face streaming with the cool rain and aglow with healthy freshness, and with the smell of the air and the earth and the autumn leaves upon me.

"Hope you enjoyed it," they all exclaimed as I entered. Most of them were half-asleep in an atmosphere of cigar smoke and urgently in need of a liver tonic.

C. Easton-Green.

# Strange Beasts In Country Places

## THE REPORTS ARE USUALLY INVENTED BY FOX-SHOOTING GAMEKEEPERS.

Stories have appeared recently in the Press about a mysterious wild beast, said to have been seen and heard in Mid-Sussex. In one of the anti-sport papers conflicting details describe him variously as howling like a jackal, laughing like a hyena, and making a noise like a mad calf—whatever that noise is like. It is only so heard at night.

The only man alleged to have seen it says it "dashed past him in a wood about three o'clock in the morning; but before he could fire it the elusive beast jumped a five-barred gate and disappeared in a field." He described it as being 6ft. in length, and over 2ft. high, with a long tail.

As he omits to say how much "over 2ft. high" it was, it might have been a colt. Nothing else in this country is at all capable of jumping five-barred gates. The man also omits to say what he was doing in a wood with a gun at three o'clock in the morning.

### DUE FROM AN INACCURATE THEORY.

Probably the clue to the whole story is to be found in the theory advanced by the anti-sporting Press that it is a jackal introduced in a litter of imported foreign fox-cubs. Fox-cubs are imported, especially into districts where the keepers of syndicate-shoots—which are numerous in Sussex—ruthlessly destroy the native foxes, but they do not come from India or Africa, which are the homes of the jackal. Nor are jackals ever found "6ft. in length and over 2ft. high."

As a rule, when stories of the abnormal doings of beasts of chase are put into circulation, it is done with the intention of concealing the fact that some one in the district has been poaching or shooting them in place of leaving them to be hunted legitimately by hounds.

This is only too frequently the case in districts where the shooting of tame pheasants is the principal occupation of the landowners and sporting tenants. Only a few years ago a poacher in Mid-Sussex was seen to shoot a fox actually running before Lord Leconfield's hounds, and received, on the discovery, a sound thrashing for the outrage from a zealous follower of the pack.

### A MURDERED OTTER.

A close examination into the circumstances of this alleged jackal story might not improbably reveal the fact that everything is not well in the district where it is supposed to have been seen.

A story that went the round of the Press two or three years ago to the effect that a farmer had seen an otter worrying a lamb round a five-acre field, was investigated by a naturalist, whose suspicions were aroused by the fact that otters in October are somewhat rare in the Midlands.

As he expected, it was found that no one owned a lamb within miles of the river beside which this abnormal contretemps had been reported to have been witnessed. Instead of an otter it was found that the body of an otter that had been killed was being hawked about the nearest town by a farmer's boy who wished to sell it for ten shillings.

### SUPPLYING AN EXPLANATION.

A somewhat similar story appeared in the "Daily Mail" in 1907. Here it was reported that a big otter had climbed into a boat and viciously attacked two boys rowing on the river at Kirkby Stephen, who, after a desperate struggle, had succeeded in killing it with a boat-hook. The name of one of the "boys" was printed in the paper.

Enquiry at Carlisle revealed that the body of an otter had been sent from Kirkby Stephen to the local taxidermist for preservation, bearing a printed label giving the same name and the address of the "boy's" father, a cattle-dealer there. Examination of the carcase revealed the fact that the unhappy otter had been caught in a trap, which had broken its foreleg, and that it had subsequently been battered to death with heavy stones. The alleged boys were grown-up men, and, the Eden being hunted by a regular pack of hounds, the tale had been obviously invented to account for the illicit murder of the otter.

From time to time stories of escaped wolves are circulated, accompanied by harrowing details of the slaughter of sheep and pigs by the alleged wild animal. This story is usually invented for the purpose of concealing the fact that some keeper has been shooting dogs found in the coverts, and that enquiry is getting too hot as to missing collies or other valuable specimens.

In other cases the "escaped wolf" turns out to be a sheepdog; but there was once a case of a genuine escaped wolf on Tyneside, not so very long ago, which really did kill large numbers of sheep, and which remained at large for many weeks.

### WOLF IN PLACE OF FOX.

Battues were organised, and Masters of foxhounds made special meets for the purpose of hunting the depredator, but all without effect. The sheep-killing went on until the wolf was found dead on the line one morning, having been run over by an express train, when it suddenly ceased. The stuffed body of this wolf is now preserved at the Midland Railway offices, at Derby, I believe. It had actually escaped from the premises of a man who had made a pet of it, but who lay low and said nothing, for fear he would have to compensate the farmers whose stock it had destroyed.

In the East Kent country, not far from Ashford, there is a large wood, very securely fenced, which has the reputation of concealing some strange and ferocious beast.

On several occasions hounds have run a fox into it, but the full tale of the pack has not come out again.

### DENE HOLES.

The probable explanation of this fact is that there are unknown Dene Holes in the covert, into which hounds have fallen and been lost; though, of course, the country legend is to the effect that some undesignated person at some undefined past time turned a boar, or a wolf, or a hyena loose there, and that it is still alive. The explanation of its confinement to the wood is given by suggesting that there are enough rabbits there to keep it going.

All these stories of strange beasts performing abnormally in country places require to be taken with several substantial pinches of salt, and, on being investigated by anyone acquainted with the habits of wild animals and capable of sifting the evidence produced, are usually found susceptible of explanation by some such theory as those adduced in this article, and not too creditable to the sporting reputation of the districts involved.

L. C. R. Cameron.

---

When you ring up someone on the 'phone, *don't* say: "Where *is* Nice Place?"

---

# BIG BREAKS OFF THE RED.

## PROPOSED METHODS OF REDUCING THEM.

"This two-ball game of George Gray's has got to go" is a grim remark that is attributed to Stevenson, and the great English player is understood to be in favour of some form of legislation to stop mammoth scores off the red ball.

In his recent big match in Australia against Lindrum, the Australian champion, a special arrangement was made, limiting consecutive scores off the red ball to 75 points; that is, twenty-five consecutive strokes off the red. There is certainly something to be said for this plan, for it worked fairly well during the game in question.

Another scheme which looks as though it might add to the brightness of the two-ball game is to make a rule enforcing alternate winners and losers when playing exclusively on the red.

A good many players, especially Gray and Lindrum, have an almost uncanny genius for going in off the red into the centre pocket and bringing the red back into the same position again off the top cushion. A rule such as the above would certainly limit such a practice in a measure.

# SUSPENSE

AN INTENSELY DRAMATIC STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The whistle blew shrilly in the sitting-room of his flat. Someone was desiring to speak to him from the hall below.

He twisted round idly in his armchair, took out the plug, and spoke down the tube.

"Hullo?"

"Is that you, Jack?"—in a voice quick and breathless.

"Jove! Emmie!" he muttered. "Yes, it's me! What's the matter?"

"Are you alone? Can I come up?"

"Yes, come up at once. I say, is anything wrong?" But she had pushed home the plug.

Clearly she was in a hurry. Could it be that——. Why should she call without previous arrangement——?

It was proof of his consciousness of guilt that apprehensions should so readily attack him.

He unlatched the door and stood away from it, waiting.

She came in almost at once, with a white frightened face and dilated eyes.

"Has he been?" she gasped.

"Who?"

"Herbert."

"Good gad, no! What do you mean?"

"He has found out! He is coming here to see you!"

He stared at her hard for a moment, then passed her swiftly and closed the door.

"Found out?" he reiterated, turning. "When did he find out? *How* did he find out?"

"An hour ago. He chanced on some of your letters. Oh, Jack!" She sobbed in her breath and swayed towards him. "He has a pistol. He has sworn that he will shoot you!"

"Good God! When was this? Here, Emmie, pull yourself together. For God's sake, don't faint now."

"I was afraid he might—have arrived here—first. No, I won't give way. It's too desperate for us to give way. You must leave at once. Put on your things immediately. He may be here at any moment. Oh, Jack, if he finds us together——"

"He will, too, if you don't go. You never ought to have come. Yet I suppose you had to. If only there were a telephone in this infernal place. Tell me what happened. Is he furious? Dangerous?"

"I have never seen him so terrible. Quiet and gloating, with eyes that blazed and blazed. He struck me when I lied to him. I followed him into his study, and saw him loading the pistol. He was drinking raw brandy then. He laughed when he turned and saw me; and flourished the pistol; and told me what he would do to you. I flew to warn you as soon as he had gone."

The man moistened his lips. By now his face was as colourless as hers.

"How did you get here?"

"By taxi. The man drove very rapidly."

"*He* would cab it, too. But he may have been delayed. Perhaps he would walk——"

They regarded each other with an expression of listening.

"What is to be done?" she moaned. "He will kill you if he sees you, Jack."

"*You* must go, at any rate."

"I won't—not to leave you here alone."

"If he finds you here it will only make matters ten times worse."

"They can't be made worse. Besides, where can I go? I can't return home. I shall never be able to enter the house again. *Jack!*——"

"Ssh! Pull yourself together."

"I thought I heard something."

"It was nothing."

But his roving eyes told plainly that fear was beginning to grip him, too.

"I sha'n't let him in," he said, doggedly, at last, through shut teeth. "I shall bolt the door and refuse to open it to anybody. As likely as not he'll conclude I'm not at home."

"The light—— ! It can be seen from the street!"

He moved to switch it off—then hesitated.

What if the avenging husband were even at this moment looking up from outside? There was only one exit, and he would wait at the bottom for his appearance. Or, failing that, he might come ravaging up the stairs, swift to the quarry as a hound.

Moreover, to await his arrival in palpitating expectancy in the dark——.

"If he tries to break down the door," he went on, in a voice rising to a different key, "the people in the other flats will hear him. And they'll think he's mad, and give him into custody."

Once more they stared at each other, every nerve subordinated to listening.

"You've forgotten to bolt the door," she said, suddenly.

He sprang to repair the omission, inwardly raging that his hands were visibly unsteady.

When he turned, his face had strangely altered. His eyes were alight with anger and fear intermingled. He spoke to her, upbraidingly.

"Why didn't you destroy my letters? That's what I want to know. Haven't I warned you over and over again against the folly of keeping them? You said you would. You assured me often that you *had*."

"I did. I only kept the best. A few I *couldn't* destroy. But, Jack——"

"The *best!*" he groaned forth, disgusted. "Why did you keep them? How came Herbert to discover them?"

"They were in a secret drawer in my writing-desk. Herbert must have suspected something. I've felt for some time that he has known far more than he has shown. He pretended he was interested to know how the spring was worked. Oh, Jack!"—as his expression repelled her—"don't reproach me now. Not now that it is too late. Tell me what we're to do. We mustn't stay here, either of us!"

"*You* can go. *I* sha'n't. I'm not going to run away for any man. If he comes here—I'm not afraid of him. But *you* must go. I can't face him with you looking on. Come, now!"

He had his hand on the door. She looked at him, transfixed and motionless.

"You mean you want to get rid of me? You find me a burden. You would rather——"

"Can't you see, that alone—man to man—I can fight it out with him. Perhaps persuade him to—to be more reasonable. If you're here, it—it will be like a red rag to a bull to him."

"Oh, Jack!" she said, and it was a thin, tense scream of agony. "You're failing me. You're proving yourself a coward."

"Do you think I'm *eager* to be shot?"

"I was afraid for you," she went on, "but I never conceived the possibility of your being a coward about yourself. You intend to cringe to him. To plead, to excuse, to humble yourself. To save your own skin at the expense of your pride and your happiness. Oh, what have done? What is going to become of me?"

His expression became uglier. The cornered animal, the man revealed itself in the furtive eye, the half-bared teeth.

"There you are, you see!" he sneered. "Thinking of yourself. The same as we all do. You imagine I came here to save me, but it was merely a natural terror-stricken instinct which drove you to seek my protection. Let me tell you that I won't have a bullet put inside me for your sake, nor for anybody else's."

"Oh, you mean, mean thing!" she said, slowly, though with awe in her heart.

"I order you to go——! *Ssh!*"

His eyes dilated as he caught the sound of footsteps outside.

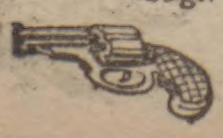
They passed.

"*Will* you go?" he asked, with the thin entreaty of terror.

Her expression would have seared him if he had seen in his normal mind.

"Yes; I will go," she whispered—words that were barely audible. "Open the door."

His fingers trembled as he pulled back the bolt.



"If I had known," she whispered, "if I had known what mean thing I was putting my trust in—— "

As she moved nearer to the door he held his ear to the crack, rigid and listening.

It struck her like a sharp, stinging lash, that his attitude should be so undescribably undignified. And with the reality the thread of her own courage snapped.

"I *daren't!*" she said piercingly. "I can't. . . . I might meet him on the stairs."

Just then the whistle blew shrilly. She clutched at his arm. He wheeled with savage violence and thrust her away.

"He's come!" he said thickly. "He's come!"

He looked round wildly in all directions.

"It's you who have brought me to this!" he cried out at her, furiously. "*You! You!*"

She stood with hands clasped together, limbs uncertain, face grey as death itself.

"He will come up if you don't answer," she hissed. "He will come up."

The whistle blew again.

"What am I to do?" he asked her, all broken and quaking.

"Tell him"—the words left her in gasps—"you have gone. Left. Disguise your voice. Say Doctor Rawson—have up—the flat last week. Quick! Now! it is—the only chance."

He lifted the tube from its hook, fumbling and tearing at the plug.

"Who's there?" he demanded, hoarsely, and unrecognisably.

A voice answered: "Is that Doctor Rawson? This is Police-constable Pargiter. You know me, sir, I think. There's been a bad accident just outside here, sir. A gentleman crossing the road got knocked over by a motor-bus. Said he was coming to see you, sir. Asked me to fetch you. He's unconscious now, sir. I'm afraid it's a case."

"Did he—mention his name?"

"Scotland, sir. Mr. Scotland."

"Yes, I'll come down."

He turned with eyes widening with horror to the woman.

"Do you know what has happened?" he said, in a peculiar still voice; and he told her.

She sank down shuddering on a chair.

"I count myself responsible," he said. "Come down, too. You are his wife."

"If it is fatal?" she asked, with lowered head.

"Whether fatal or not we shall always hate each other. Is that not true?"

"Yes," she agreed lifelessly.

The man was dead when they reached him.

## THE FORGOTTEN CUPBOARD.

There is a great fascination for many men in turning out the miscellaneous and half-forgotten contents of a lumber room or even a forgotten cupboard, in which have been thrown the odds and ends that have served their day and ceased to be immediately useful.

Something turns one's thoughts to this ancient store, and everything must be put aside, so that the lumber may be gone through. It may be that the only result will be that the "rubbish" will be replaced in the cupboard, to be forgotten for another two or three years, but the pleasure of running through it and recalling the times and incidents in which the various things figured, is undeniable.

Old sporting tackle that recalls sport enjoyed many years ago, with companions who have now, perhaps, passed out of your circle, is not the least interesting of the contents of this heap.

There are also among the "rubbish" forgotten photographs, old files of newspapers, old boots that were once regarded with something like affection for their comfort, and a hundred and one reminders of days and interests that time has changed for others.

Indeed, there is no end to the memories that mere rubbish in a forgotten cupboard will revive.

Sometimes, too, you unearth during the process various things which, having been laid aside as useless, are now once more of service to you.

The saying that there is a use for everything if you keep it five years is occasionally true.

# ROAD-RUNNING AT NIGHT

## ITS ADVANTAGES AND DRAWBACKS.

The nocturnal wayfarer along our secluded suburban and rural roads, thinks it no uncommon sight when he meets one or more zephyred and shorted figures trotting rhythmically along in the darkness. He knows that they are members of harriers' clubs, hard workers during the day, who cannot find any other time except the evening or night hours in which to train for their long runs on the Saturday half-holiday.

And road-running at night has its good points as well as its disadvantages.

### NO OUTSIDE DISTRACTIONS.

The athletic world has only of late years made the discovery that the concentration of the will power upon the muscular effort in progress is vital to its complete success. For this reason, the night-time is an excellent one for a runner to train in. Especially along a country road, the complete quiet of his surroundings distracts his attention not at all, so that he can concentrate all his thoughts, and incidentally his will power, which I contend to be the same thing, upon the business of regular breathing, rhythmical action, and so on.

This is, however, probably its only advantage; though there are a good many points to be urged against it. In the first place, at night a man is very apt to do too much, especially after a hard day at business, and overstrain himself both mentally and physically.

The reason why he is tempted to do more at night is a two-fold one. First, it is cooler in the night air, and once he has got over his initial feeling of chilliness, he finds the conditions ideal for running, just sufficiently cool to keep him from effusive perspiration.

### JUDGING DISTANCE.

Again, distance is difficult to judge in the darkness, and as the keen sportsman always errs on the side of too much rather than too little, he is apt to do miles more at night than he would do in the daytime.

The suburban night-runner is luckier than his rural colleague, because his roads are generally broad, well kept, and with strong lamps at short intervals. So he can see pretty clearly how he is going. On a country road, however, there are several minor dangers which should always be kept in mind.

Tread warily and firmly on a dark road, for a stumble on a stone may bring you down heavily. A friend of mine with whom I was taking a night spin along a lane a year or two ago, had a very nasty accident. He tripped in a rut and came down shockingly on a piece of broken glass, which cut his right knee and made a horrid sight of it. He wasn't able to run or even walk again for weeks.

### DANGERS IN THE GRASS.

Unless you are going along a very winding road, where a motor-car might suddenly swing round a corner, run in the middle of the road in preference to the grass at the side of it. I have always done so of late years. This is because I was once running along the grass at night, attired only in shorts, pumps, and a light vest, when something stung my bare leg like Hades. I got home in excruciating pain, and sent for a doctor at once. He told me I had been bitten by a viper. I suppose I had trodden on the beast as it lay in the grass.

I had an unenviable experience in Hampshire once. I had gone further than I had intended, and to get home quickly, cut across fields. Climbing over a barb-wire fence I tore my shorts badly, but as it was pitch dark I didn't mind much. But just as I had scrambled through a hedge, I heard a shout of "That's our man!" and I was seized in strong hands, and dazzled with the glare of a bull's-eye lantern. It was a gamekeeper who thought I was a poacher, but the worst of it was, he was accompanied by the landowner and his two young daughters, who had insisted on coming out that night to see the fun!

G. Horton-Jones.

# Whist Drive Tricksters

## AN EXPOSURE OF THEIR METHODS.

Prizes at public whist drives are of sufficient value to tempt the professional card-sharper or the amateur cheat.

In the early days of whist drives fraud was rampant, for there was little or no proper check on cheating, while the promoters of the drives were not up to the dodges of the sharpers, who systematically worked the game.

At one time it was the simplest thing in the world for the cheat to alter his score, but nowadays the "check-card" system makes manipulation of the score extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Nevertheless, there is still much swindling at whist drives, though, naturally, the promoters do not care to admit it.

### CONFEDERATES.

Nowadays whist drive swindling is worked mainly by gangs of confederates.

For the benefit of those who do not know progressive whist, I may explain that it involves a constant changing of partners, and, as your individual score is filled in by the opponent, it is impossible to fake the figures unless all four players at a table are confederates.

At some whist drives players take their seats by lot; at others they are allowed to choose their own tables to start with.

In the latter case, confederacy is easy. A gang of eight, for example, will place four of their number at one table, and two each at adjoining tables. This probably means that four of them will be together again at the second round.

But even when the eight are separated to start with, two or more of them will often come together at the same table as partners or opponents.

If they meet as partners, they use a code of signals, and thus greatly increase their chances of a heavy score.

If, however, one is an opponent, then he tells the other all he can, and plays as badly as he can.

### HOW TO CUT THE CARDS.

True, this means that the winning confederate's honest partner also benefits, but the point is that whenever two or more of the gang meet at the same table, it is odds on one or two of them making a big score, and thus the gang's collective chance of winning a prize is greatly increased.

Here I may mention a useful tip given me by a well-known promoter of whist drives:

When asked to cut the cards, insist on their being placed on the table. If a person asks you to cut the cards while holding the pack in his hand, he is not necessarily a swindler, but he may be, and, if he is, he will make you cut the pack wherever he likes.

Also when you have cut the pack, make sure that the dealer does not simply replace the top half on the under half. This is a common dodge for keeping the pack as previously prepared by a confederate shuffler.

Insist on the cards being dealt from the top of the pack. Dealing from the bottom is a common trick for obtaining possession of a valuable card.

### THE CIGARETTE CASE DODGE.

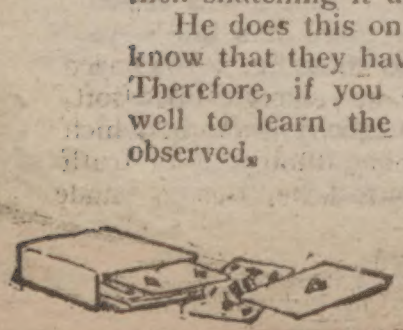
Keep a sharp eye, too, on the man who places a silver cigarette case on the table in front of him. By dealing over it he can see the cards reflected in its surface.

One "lady" who made London too hot to hold her, so far as whist drives were concerned, used, when she found that she and her partner were bound to be beaten, to secrete a card, and then claim a misdeal. Of course, a card having been lead, she had no right to do so, but this audacious bluff often succeeded against inexperienced players.

Another dodge is for one of two confederates to expose a card, knowledge of which will be useful to his partner, by "accidentally" dropping it face upwards on the table, and then snatching it up again.

He does this on the chance that the opponents may not know that they have the right to "call" the exposed card. Therefore, if you are going in for whist drives, it is as well to learn the rules, and to insist upon their being observed.

C. MacCallum.



# NEGLECTED KIT-BAGS.

## HOW THEY SHOULD BE LOOKED AFTER.

There is always a likelihood that a man's trunks, kit-bags, and other luggage may spoil for want of a little care and attention at regular intervals.

Once a man has unpacked his clothes or other belongings, he seldom thinks of the need for proper care of the trunks they were packed in. They are as often as not thrown into any corner, sometimes in a dark and dusty garret or attic, sometimes in a dank and dusty cellar.

There they are forgotten till wanted again. When brought out into daylight once more, they are damp inside and out, mildewed everywhere, unpleasant to the touch and smell, and on the high road to rotting. It takes an hour's hard work to rub them back into a respectable appearance, but even then the mustiness clings to them; and the deterioration of the leather cannot be repaired.

All such belongings should at regular, and not too long intervals, be overhauled, thoroughly dusted, well rubbed with some leather polish, and then opened wide and placed out in the open air.

They will last much longer than if neglected, and clothes packed in them will not smell musty, as will otherwise be the case.

All broken straps or loose buckles should be mended by a trunk maker or the local harness maker, as soon as they are discovered.

# LONDON CAMEOS.

## IV. THE FATHER.

We happened to be sitting on the same bench in the public park, he at the one end and I at the other.

It was a quiet hour of the afternoon, with the declining sun shining goldenly in the West, and the autumnal colours beautiful everywhere.

He was not a pleasant man to look at. He was of a shabbiness which just escaped raggedness, and he had the square rigid face and carnal jaw which one associates instinctively with the tendency to murder and burglary.

For aught I know he had been guilty of both in his time.

But that, as Gilbert would have it, "has nothing to do with the case."

On the stretch of sun-browned grass in front of us was the tiniest of little girls. She was cleanly dressed in a diminutive white frock and a close-fitting ribbonded bonnet.

The man had his eyes on her, and his face was entirely expressionless.

She was staggering about with the uncertainty of inexperience, falling down very frequently, and patiently regaining an unstable erectness; making no sound; indeed, enormously absorbed in an occupation which provided such surprising happenings.

She travelled, by adventurous stages, to a spot about twenty yards' distant, where she sat down.

She sat down by the simple process of plumping backwards into a sitting position, using no hand to alleviate the bump. With toes turned outwards and an appearance of blissful busyness, she pulled off her bonnet and proceeded to examine it all over.

Presently she wanted to put the bonnet on again, but try as she would the stupid thing refused to act reasonably.

She ceased her struggles and leisurely looked about her.

My companion at the end of the bench suddenly chuckled. She got to her feet and stumbled and toddled in his direction.

"Put it on," she said, handing him up the bonnet.

He untied the ribbon, and, bending down, fitted the bonnet on to her little head. With clumsy fingers he tied the bow under her chin.

"Couldn't do without your old dad. *Eh?*" he said.

He arrested her as she would have gone away again, straightening the bonnet with little deft touches, as a woman would have done.

"*Now* you're all right!" he informed her, beaming.

He sat back in his former position, sighing so deeply with satisfaction as to stiffen his whole body.

Chancing to catch my eye, he solemnly winked.

A TRUE STORY.

# THE BAG OF ALMONDS

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

...grove, of the Turkish cavalry, had ridden ...t from the lines of Fort Baker, and in the cleft ...ft of an eighteen-foot spear, stuck in the ...und, had planted a letter to Osman Digma, ...g on that chieftain to tender submission to ...very fair demands of the Khedivial Govern-...nt.

In default of compliance, said the ultimatum, ...nsequences to Osman and his contu... as Hadendowar would immediately follow.

...r. Hillgrove got back to the fort unin... has ever been matter of mystery, for he ...llowed all the way to camp by a furious ...Dervish bullets. That was Osman's only ...

...the time, however, Hillgrove's friends ...ssmates were not greatly concerned for his safety. ..., more importance were the movements of the ... camel, whose floundering approach along the ...useway that linked the fort to the coral strip on ...nore known as Trinkitat had kept every man's heart ...is mouth for over an hour.

The beast had blundered, had made mistakes, had ...l and slithered and behaved quite in accordance with ...el nature, and finally getting off the track had ... the morass.

...made no protest—camels don't—but he had sunk ...out of sight in the ooze of the Red Sea littoral, and ...re... the dinner and all the creature comforts of ... mess with him.

...had any personal affection for that camel, but ... the viands, tins, pots, and bottles which he ...gged down to his place of untimely sepulture, his ...t a gloom over the white element of the small field ...

...igners, however, are seldom left absolutely in ... and in this difficulty each man made straight ...addle-bags, and, returning, produced some kind ...ible.

...banquet was, no doubt, anomalous in composition. ... foie-gras, camp-pie, and Strasbourg paste marry ...ll with mixed biscuits, preserved ginger, and French ...s, and Cambridge sausages are an indifferent sub-...te for bread. Such, however, was the menu, while ...olate creams served at once as hors d'œuvres and as ...rt.

...hey served—but the loss of the commissariat animal ...left ... somewhat melancholy party. Men's flasks, ... for the most part empty, and there reigned ... thoughtfulness as to how holsters should be ...n the morrow, when, by Osman's tacit invitation, ...fight was to come off.

...absorption of tinned meats in whatever company ...the most enlivening of pastimes, and the company ...nteen white men who sat down to that scratch re-...nd a commandeered plank balanced on bales of ... hay, was morose in proportion to its dryness.

...y. However, a change came over the scene. ...aria, best of camp cooks and most resourceful ... to whom the loss of the stores camel had been ...n a domestic bereavement, appeared out of ... wreathed in smiles, laden with a dozen bottles ...ines and spirits, and bearing in triumph a ...onds which he placed, with an indescribable ...fore Captain Hugh Fortescue, who was mess ... the occasion.

...nlights from the ships in the Bay threw fitful ...of light upon the little party as they sought and ...locate the rebel tribesmen.

... from his safe haven in the scrub threw ..., the dinner party whenever the wandering ...n revealed it. These, however, were ineffective, ...d no man's mind.

...'s advent with his welcome cargo had cheered ...; the hum of conversation developed into ...oon, as is usual at camp tables, songs were ...ories were narrated, and each man contributed ...o the entertainment of his fellows.

...I have said, is a true story and the names of ...f those present are well known.

Among them Messadaglia Bey, lately returned from his lieutenancy to Gordon in Bahr-al-Ghazal, sang songs of his beloved Palermo. Fred Burnaby, quiet and steady as was usual with him, and with a bland smile for every one on his pallid face, whispered stories of Khiva and Bokhara. Yusseff Bey, commander of the tiny Turkish legion—which was to be destroyed to a man on the morrow—sang ditties learned while serving with the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Major Maurice Bey told us tales of Java. Armand Leslie had stories of his captivity with the Russians after Plevna. Walter Goodall, afterwards secretary to the Khedive; Fitzroy Hay, now Earl of Kinnoul; Captain Watkins, who had but that day joined the force; Lieutenants Rucca, Paleocka, and Cavalieri contributed each of his best.

The Mess President alone took no part in the gaiety.

Fortescue, indeed—it is not his name—quite unlike himself sat gloomy and silent at the top end of the plank that was the table.

At length, and when the customary chorus had once more rung out across the morass, that old venerable shivaree of camp concerts, without which no soldier ditty is complete, was reached.

"*Jolly good song, and jolly well sung!*
*Jolly good fellows, every one!*
*If you can beat it, you're welcome to try!*
And, with its appeal to real friendship in a thirsty land:
*Please to remember the sing-ger is dry.*"

Fortescue, called upon to take his turn, refused at first to respond. When challenged laughingly again, he stood up and spoke with an air of sad seriousness which none present had ever before noted in him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will declare myself. I cannot sing a song; I cannot tell a story, and my heart is too full to permit me to call a toast in any gladsome spirit. But if you will allow me I will tell the fortune of every man sitting at this table, and these almonds shall be my medium."

He took from the bag of nuts before him an almond, cracked it in his teeth, and handed it to Messadaglia Bey, who sat beside him.

A full kernel and a withered one fell from the shell.

"Old chap," said Fortescue, as he saw the imperfect double nut or fillipina, "you'll be hit up to-morrow."

He cracked another nut and handed it to the next man.

"Friend," he said as two withered almonds were disclosed, "these are your marching orders. I wish you fortune in the better land."

He passed on to the next guest near him amid protests, for by now most of those present had begun to consider the jest ill-timed if not indecent.

There were even serious remonstrances; but Fortescue gave no heed but continued to pass his damaged nuts around to each person seated at the table.

Of the seventeen men present, twelve received double nuts or fillipinas, and to each of those recipients Fortescue solemnly bade "Good-bye."

To Fred Burnaby he said: "It's not your time yet."

Afterwards he took a last nut.

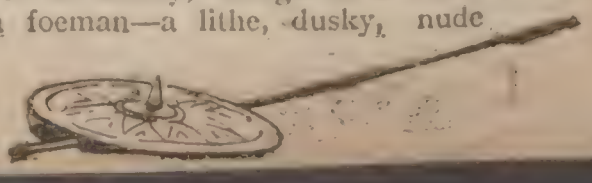
"Gentlemen," he cried, "I have no more to say. I have cracked this almond for myself; but I do not even need to look at its contents. I have got my call. Good night, and good-bye."

* * * * * * *

Probably never yet since Pharaoh's hosts sought to cross the Red Sea did an army go more blithely to its destruction than did the little force that left Fort Baker next morning.

The bands played. The Bazingers chaunted native ditties as they marched. The unaccustomed camels lolloped along with the gun batteries, and the commissariat mules demeaned themselves as those amiable beasts are wont to do in time of stress.

The force marched in happy insouciance through a space of sandy waste—a pleasant ground enough of soft, dry sand, strewn with shrubs of the thorny mimosa, which revealed no sign or trace of an enemy, though as a truth every bush almost hid a foeman—a lithe, dusky, nude



warrior, reckless for himself, but determined if die he must to have the life of at least one enemy to his credit.

The objective of the force was the wells of Teb—some forty or more tiny water holes, seated amid a group of hillocks, in the scrub half-way between the coast and the beleaguered town of Tokar, whose garrison it was the General's mission to relieve.

And, until the very moment of disaster, it seemed as though the object of the force would be accomplished without opposition. The excursion, indeed, appeared but as a pleasant picnic and derisive epithets were cast at Osman and his tribesmen, what time the General and his staff ambled pleasantly through the scrub, secure behind the cavalry screen and eagerly scanning the sky line for a trace of the enemy.

Catastrophe was, however, imminent. The astute tribesmen had but bided their time.

On rode the General and the staff, and forward marched the mixed force—near four thousand men in all—with never a sign of a Hadendowa within view; until at length the bush grew heavier and more dense, and the sand lanes intersecting the mimosa clumps more narrow and more tortuous, breaking up the force into small parties, each isolated from its fellows. And then was the Dervish's moment.

A wild hoarse wailing yell, forced from thousands of savage throats, tore the air round the doomed column, and at the same moment the onslaught began.

From every bush, from behind every hummock of sand, dashed a wild-haired, naked tribesman, and hurled himself upon the hapless Egyptians.

The air grew dark with hurtling spears. The roar of continuous rifle fire grew deafening.

From all sides rose above all other sounds the wild despairing wails of the stricken soldiery.

Loud appeals made they to the Seydra Zeynab, the Prophet's Sister, a saint much revered in Egypt, for succour in their extremity.

"*Ah, Ga Seydra Zeynab,*" they vociferated. "*Dil Wakté Wak-tuk!*"

"Ali, Holy Zeynab. Now is your time to help us!"

And to these frenzied appeals came as reply the contemptuous abuse of the tribesmen.

Soon the doomed force found itself driven into a kind of natural corral—an open space surrounded by a ring of dense scrub. And here the unequal contest was brought to an end.

Yet it needs time to slay some three thousand men with cold steel, and long before their task was complete and the last unavailing shriek for mercy had been silenced, little groups of Arabs—often scarlet with fresh blood, stood beside the swathes and heaps of uniformed slain, leaning on their spears or their great swords wearied by slaughter.

A battle might doubtless have inspired these desert warriors to deeds of emulation, but even to their savage, blood-lustful minds the atmosphere of this reeking shambles was nauseating.

* * * * * * *

Late on the night of that ill-fated march, three men stood together on the bridge of a transport steamer that lay at anchor in Trinkitat Bay.

They were of that little company of seventeen comrades who had dined together on the previous evening.

Two others of that party lay below decks badly hurt.

The other twelve had not been seen since early in the fight.

It was a moonlight night, and the three men on the bridge were looking through their field-glasses at a moving object that approached from the mainland across the waters of the morass.

At length, as it drew near the hither shore, it was seen to be a horse with a rider who had fallen across his animal's neck.

The beast's movements were halting and feeble, and now and again it stopped and seemed to sway gently from side to side.

The three onlookers left the bridge, leapt into a boat and pulled swiftly to land. Yet, in the brief time needed for their transit from the vessel, the prostrate rider had slipped from the saddle.

The horse, however, drew to shore, and was at once recognised by the three friends.

It had been ridden by Fortescue that morning.

# A FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION.

## SOME VERY EXCLUSIVE FACTS.

It is my proud privilege to give readers of The Modern Man early and exclusive information about a forthcoming exhibition of great interest to all Britons.

It is to be held under the auspices of the Trades' Union Congress.

Whoa! whoa! Steady your leaders! I know as well as you do that after the recent Trades' Union Congress "exhibition" at Newcastle, the holding of another one seems superfluous, but that does not alter the fact that it is to be held at Erewhon on November 31.

The General Section will include exhibits of rare interest.

In the centre hall will be found a large panoramic model of England fifty years hence, when she has been turned into a roast pheasant and pêche Melba preserve for the aged President Victor Grayson and his friends.

Another model, the sheer imaginative power of which places its author in the front rank of the world's creative artists, represents a Labour agitator doing an honest day's work.

### THE HERO OF LLANELLY.

In the Literary Section may be seen the original and almost priceless manuscript of "Justice's" poem to Hero Harold Spiers, of the Worcestershire Regiment.

In an adjoining cabinet a high-power, armour-plated phonograph will record the remarks of the respective editors of the "Clarion" and "Justice" on discovering that Hero Harold had put them in the cart. (Ladies, Suffragettes excepted, and children not admitted.)

The Dress Pavilion is sure to be popular. Here may be seen and admired Mr. Keir Hardie's rat-catcher cap, the Brobdingnagian sombrero of Mr. John Ward, M.P., and the silk hat (*circa* 1870) of Mr. John Hodge, M.P. for the Gorton division of Lancashire.

There will also be a life-size model of Mr. Andrew Fisher, Premier of Australia, chastely if somewhat quaintly attired in frock coat, football knickers, vermilion socks, brown shoes, and a Scotch tam-o'-shanter, the latter labelled with Mr. Fisher's well-known motto: "Utility before elegance."

### THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

This reminds me of the Chamber of Horrors, which the rival establishment at Madame Tussaud's will be just the place to spend a pleasant Sunday afternoon.

Execration, tempered with admiration for the modeller, will greet the extraordinarily life-like presentments of Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir Guy Granet, Mr. Fay, and other railway directors. (N.B.—Visitors are requested not to recognise the figures, as any talk of "recognition" makes them so waxy that they are apt to melt.)

There are also models of Mr. John Burns, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Osborne; while in the Torture Chamber "peaceful persuasion" may be seen in full operation.

While the purpose of the exhibition is mainly to instruct, amusement is not neglected.

Among other side-shows, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., will sing:

"Beneath the spreading Poplar tree
The people's Billyum (or village gas-bag; according to your political tastes) stands."

### SIDE SHOWS.

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., in the very undress uniform of the future Commander-in-Chief of the British National Army, will club a corporal's squad of ducks, and will then describe how Bill Adams won the battle of Waterloo, followed by its affecting sequel, How Bill Thorne Jigger[illegible] up the Empire.

Then by kind permission of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Ben Tillett will box anyone smaller than himself three rounds.

Want of space compels me to leave unmentioned many other features and exhibits of wonderful interest.

Twice a day, however, will be given the Pageant of Industry, representing the rise and growth of Trade Unionism and the contemporaneous decline and decay of one British industry after another, the whole concluding with the more than affecting spectacle of Mr. Keir Hardie refusing his Parliamentary salary.

I will only add that admission will be jolly cheap at [illegible] a sovereign, and that at night the buildings will be [illegible] illuminated throughout by gas supplied direct from the House of Commons.

Norman [illegible]

## MORE SHAVING POINTS.

Shave directly you rise in the morning. The skin then can best withstand the razor, while the beard is at that time able to offer the least resistance.

Some razors work better if not stropped just before shaving; give them a good stropping immediately after shaving and leave them till your next shave.

Plenty of water is much more useful than plenty of soap in softening the beard.

## GREY HORSES' COATS.

There is no horse that gives its trainer more trouble in one way than a grey, for the reason that its coat is so difficult to keep in smart condition. The slightest graze is enough to disfigure it for a long time, and a bad gall will often show a mark for ever.

If you jab an unruly grey at all hard with your heel, the hair at that spot will go black at once. This is why most riders, when they are going to ride a grey, wear spurs which have had the rowels filed blunt.

## BOXING COMPETITIONS.

The chief differences between boxing competitions and boxing contests are:

1. The rounds in a competition are limited to three, and the first and second rounds last only two minutes each, as against the three minute rounds of the contest.

2. Contests are judged by a referee only, but in competitions there are two judges, in addition to the referee, and the latter gives his vote to either competitor only when the judges disagree.

Otherwise—in the size of the ring (not less than 14 or more than 20 feet square), weight of gloves (not less than 6oz.), and other rules—boxing competitions are conducted on the same lines as contests, that is, under N.S.C. rules.

## MUNICIPAL BILLIARDS.

Leeds has a municipal billiard-room, built and maintained out of the rates, and it is probably the only municipal billiard-room in the kingdom.

One penny is charged for admission to the room, where roulette, draughts and dominoes may also be played. In addition to the admission penny, each cueist pays another "brown" for every twenty minutes' play, so that a couple of good players can have a hundred up for twopence apiece. There is an attendant, but the players have to do their own marking.

The room is closed on Sundays, but open on Bank Holidays and all other days from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Between 8,000 and 9,000 people use the tables—there were two of them—in the course of the season.

The room was opened in 1906, and although some of the players are pretty "hard cases," so far there has not been a single case of wilful damage to the tables.

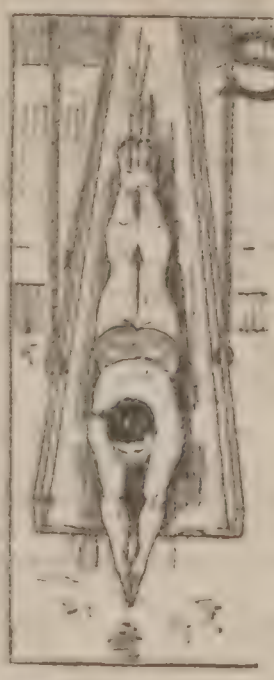
## WHEN STEEPLECHASE RIDERS FUNK.

One of the most melancholy human sights it is possible to see is the steeplechase jockey who has "got the funks" (a professional term for losing his nerve; for, once he has got that, the odds on his coming to grief when riding are at least doubled. A rider who "funks" can safely be relied on to finish a bad country without mishap.

The funk generally attacks a steeplechase rider just after a bad accident, and is generally the result of getting into the saddle again too soon afterwards. But what is a rider under the rules to do? In most cases he is so meagrely paid that he literally cannot afford to "lie up." So he rides again, with his nerves still badly shaken, and very soon he begins to funk.

This is probably the real reason why there is so little generosity on the part of gentlemen riders to professionals when they ride under National Hunt Rules; whereas on the flat there is not one amateur rider who can compare for skill with an apprentice who is licensed to ride.

When anything goes wrong with a gentleman steeplechase rider he can generally take a long rest off and regain his nerve. He is generally a wealthy man, or at any rate a man of moderate means, whereas the steeplechase jockey is dependent for his bread on a profession which may kill him.



# SWIMMING BATH STORIES

### IMPROVING AND OTHERWISE, TOLD BY AN ATTENDANT.

"Now then, you boys, you've been in more nor your 'arf hour. Come out or pay again!" shouted the attendant with a stern expression on his weather-beaten face, which sternness was belied by the understanding twinkle in his eyes. Looking out of my little compartment as I finished dressing, I smiled at the old chap, whereupon he grinned back and became talkative.

"Been in close on two hour, them imps 'ave," he announced, pointing to the dripping crowd of urchins who had just scrambled out at the shallow end. "Look at 'em—absolutely blue with cold. If I 'adn't got 'em out just now, I should 'ave 'ad their mas round 'ere ruckin' on to me." He chuckled. "Not but what they're any more trouble than a good many grown-ups." His face turned a shade serious. "See that notice?" he asked.

**AN ACCIDENT.**

I looked in the direction of his pointing finger and read: "Bathers are Forbidden to Dive off the Gallery or the Top of the Dressing-Boxes."

"You can 'ave a very nasty accident divin' off o' them 'ere," vouchsafed the attendant. "I seen a chap climb on to the top of 'is dressing-box and take a short header into the water, but he didn't jump far enough and 'is legs came wallop on the stone side of the bath. 'Eard the crack of 'is shins right the other end of the bath, I did. I 'adn't time to stop 'im before 'e'd done it.

"You want to 'ave a special build for divin', you do," went on the old man, proceeding with his work of wringing out wet towels and depositing them in a basket to be washed again. "There's a man comes 'ere reg'lar wot his pals calls Jumbo. All stummick, 'e is. Skinny legs, not much chest to speak of, and an enormous stummick. An' 'e *will* insist on jumpin' off the divin' board. Consequently 'e falls whack on his stummick in the water, instead o' goin' in 'ead first.

**THE BUILD FOR DIVING.**

"The best divers," he said, "are men whose weight is in the upper part o' their bodies, big broad-chested men, with strong arms and legs. Their weight takes 'em in properly—head first— and gives 'em impetus to do a good distance under water before comin' up.

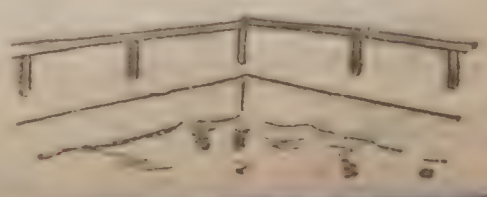
"Ever seen a boxin' match in the water?" the attendant continued. "It's great fun. We always 'ave 'em at our Water Carnival 'ere. They're done this way. Two men with boxin' gloves on jump in side by side at the deep end and start punchin' each other as best they can in the water. Naturally they can't swim with anything but their legs, while they've got gloves on; so, ye see, it's a good test of the strength o' your leg stroke, an' your ability to tread water. You mustn't 'it your man unless 'is 'ead is out of the water, and to 'old 'im under with both 'ands, or even one, is a foul.

**A DISPLAY EPISODE.**

"Sometimes you see some funny things at Water Festivals in swimmin'-baths," said my informant. "At the last one 'ere we 'ad a ladies' life-savin' display. One fat old dame 'ad to walk along the side fully dressed and then fall in' for another old dear to jump in an' save 'er. But the supposed drowning person really *couldn't* swim, so she insisted on 'avin' one o' these bladders under 'er blouse, to keep 'er 'ead up.

"Well, she fell in all right, and the other lady jumped, fully dressed, to rescue her; but, unfortunately, she adopted the back-swimmin' method, supporting the drowner on top of 'er. An' in tryin' to do this, one of 'er long 'at-pins jabbed into the rescued lady's blouse, and the bladder burst with a bang. The drowner sank like a stone, and the rescuer couldn't do anything for 'er. *I* 'ad to jump in an' pull 'em both out," said the attendant, chuckling.

HENRY MASON.



SUGGESTIONS FOR COMFORT DURING A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

"It's an all-right place, but it's too far off. I'll go somewhere that doesn't take such a lot of getting at."

Such is the remark one often hears from a man who has come to you for a suggestion as to where to spend his week-end, and to whom you have named what you believe to be a suitable place.

To others, on the contrary, travelling is, in itself, a pleasure. To them the railway journey is actually part of the holiday, and, if you know how to travel comfortably, there is no reason why you should not enjoy the time spent in the train.

Now that the weather is colder, it is worth remembering that at any big railway station you can hire, at a charge of sixpence, a thick woollen rug.

Even the longest overcoat does not come sufficiently far down, when you are sitting, to keep your legs warm; but that office is well fulfilled by the rug.

**COMPANY COMFORTS.**

If you are travelling by night on a long journey, you can hire a clean pillow at the same price.

The comforts which the railway companies supply to their patrons should be taken fuller advantage of. The restaurant cars are well advertised in most time tables, and, where a meal is served in the train, the waiters bring the matter to your notice by coming round in advance, and asking you whether you wish to partake of it; but even if there be no restaurant car on the train, you need not be without refreshment for the inner man.

Lunch-baskets and tea-baskets can be had at most large stations, and the company will wire to have one prepared for you, without charging you for the telegram.

**A CUP OF TEA.**

But probably the least patronised comfort is that of a cup of tea. The companies do not advertise the fact that you can get a cup of tea at any refreshment room and take it to your carriage, and enjoy it at leisure, leaving the cup beneath your seat, or handing it to one of the company's servants when you reach your destination.

A large number of the journeys made by week-enders are made on the Saturday afternoon. A meal is not wanted—only something to help to pass the time and to give you a change from reading and smoking; a cup of tea in your carriage fills the bill.

The company's official time-tables are always worth buying. Some companies charge twopence for them, and some charge a penny, but in every case they are capital value, for they give not only details of the journey you are making, with the time of arrival at all stopping places, but they also provide you with large maps, by which you can judge your exact position at any moment.

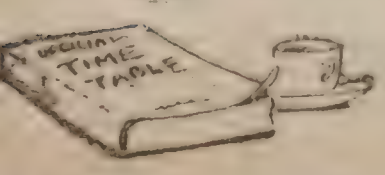
**OBSERVING THE COUNTRY.**

To bury yourself in a book or in conversation during the whole of a journey is to deny yourself the opportunity of learning something of the magnificent country in which you live; but to glance from the carriage window from time to time, to know which part of the country you are in, to compare one county with its neighbour, is not only interesting and entertaining, but it gives you a grip of practical geography that nothing else could do.

To converse with strangers on a railway journey is not advisable. Usually they prove to be intolerable bores, who give you their life history and many other very uninteresting facts, and who ask you many impertinent questions. We are criticised for our national reticence, but, so far as railway journeying is concerned, it is a comfortable quality.

Plenty of tobacco, therefore, a carriage not too crowded, a good book or paper to read, a cup of tea, and the official time-table—and your railway journey should be a pleasant one.

R. M. Griffith.




# MY NOTEBOOK.

**INCREASE IN SIZE.** This week we have enlarged the paper to thirty-two pages, and the improvement is one that will appeal to every reader.

The quality of the literary fare with which I have provided you has never been disputed, but many have begged me to increase the quantity.

Now you've got it, I hope you will oblige me by persuading yet one more of your friends to become not only a reader but also a buyer.

**WHERE IS NICE PLACE?** I am very glad to say that the amusing advertising scheme with which the phrase, "Where *is* Nice Place?" has become associated has proved a tremendous success.

Although the announcement of the scheme has, at the time of writing, been before the public for only a few days, applications have already arrived in hundreds. They are being dealt with as rapidly as possible, and strictly in rotation.

The photographs on the postcards are, as I have said, of men who are celebrated for one thing or another. Many of the cards depict, for example, famous athletes, soldiers, sailors, and others whose portraits are likely to prove of interest to those who buy this paper.

As for what appears on the other side of the card, I am determined to maintain the utmost secrecy, but I may say that it is something amusing, and gives rise to the inquiry, "Where *is* Nice Place?"

Send me a large stamped and addressed envelope, big enough to hold as many cards as you wish—and I shall send you, free of all charge, a quantity of these highly artistic and very amusing postcards.

Please mark your application with the words "Nice Place."

The postcards will provide you with many a good laugh if you drop one here and there and watch the expressions of those who pick them up and read them.

**A REQUEST.** In connection with these postcards, I have a little request to make; it is that, when you have a moment to spare, you might let me know some of your most amusing experiences with them.

I am sure that these will prove entertaining reading, for endless fun can be had out of these cards.

**WAR STORIES.** Some time ago I printed a story entitled "A Straggler from the 10th." I had purchased the story a considerable time before that, but had held it over because it was so gruesome, reproducing, as it did, the horrors of actual warfare with such graphic detail.

Since the publication of that story, I have received many requests that we should print others by the same author, Mr. Frank Scudamore, and I have pleasure in announcing that I have purchased from him several stories which are even more dramatic than "A Straggler from the 10th."

One of them appears this week, entitled "The Bag of Almonds," and in it Mr. Scudamore describes one of the most remarkable happenings that have ever been chronicled in connection with warfare. Various accounts of the episode have been given, but the true one is here related by Mr. Scudamore, who was present not only during the engagement, but also on the memorable evening before.

Mr. Scudamore has acted as war correspondent for many newspapers, he has gone through nineteen campaigns, he has been present at twenty-nine historic battles, and he possesses thirteen war medals. He is a man, therefore, who knows his subject.

"War," he said to me the other evening, while we were chatting about his stories over the fire in my office, "is not the romantic chivalrous thing that people think. It is filthy, dirty, and bloody, but a war correspondent cannot describe it like that at the time, for it would break the hearts of the women so anxiously reading the reports telegraphed home. It is different, however, when it is all past."

In these stories, Mr. Scudamore paints war in its true colours, and the picture is a horrible one.

Your Editor.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# "CHINSTRAP" ON CYCLING

## OUR POPULAR MILITARY AUTHORITY RECOUNTS SOME EARLY MEMORIES.

"Following reminiscences are suggested by an account of a recent cycle meeting at which there was a race for riders mounted on the old "ordinary." How I should have liked to have seen it! It would have revived such bitter-sweet memories of early bicycling experiences.

I don't think I ever rode a "bone-shaker," which, to the best of my recollection, was a machine built mainly of wood, with two wheels of nearly equal size—in fact, a prehistoric form of "safety."

An elder brother, however, had one, with which he used to disturb my infantile slumbers.

After his alleged studies—he was generally described in the charge-sheet as a medical student—he used to go for a ride in the evening, returning in the middle of my first beauty sleep.

One could hear him coming quite a long way off. My impression then was that it was God spanking the devil; but I imagine now that the noise more closely resembled that of a Pickford's motor-van dancing a polka.

Later my brother acquired an "ordinary" bicycle—probably stole it. I may say that he was one of the pioneers of cycling. He was, I believe, the first man to ride a motor-cycle down Oxford Street, on which occasion his "bag" included one omnibus, three hansom cabs, two policemen, [illegible] also fines, costs, and damages amounting to £18 17s. 3d., or one month.

### AN EXPENSIVE PET.

My brother's "ordinary" kept us from feeling dull. He was everlastingly being brought home on stretchers or in cabs, or having to be retrieved from distant houses, which he had entered uninvited and head-first through the drawing-room window, until he became almost as expensive as a pet, like the wandering, spaniel we had, and a darn sight less ornamental.

Of course, I had to follow his bad example, and in due course became the owner of a real bicycle.

Before this I had become a tricyclist, thanks to a maiden aunt whom I used periodically to visit.

In her neighbourhood I discovered an ironmonger's shop where tricycles were let out on hire, and a-tricycling I went, much to her alarm.

Once mounted, she was forcibly frightened, and kept imploring me not to go too fast. Fast! No rattletrap from a shop was capable of more than two miles an hour, even with somebody pushing behind.

### GENTLEMEN AS TRICYCLISTS

What a wonderful thing is sport! I well remember seeing a number of stout, middle-aged, well-to-do gentlemen tricycling. If you put them on the treadmill they would have cursed you black in the face, and yet I imagine that the treadmill was gentle exercise compared with propelling an ordinary tricycle, weighing about half a ton.

Tricycling was not without its excitements. If you put your foot on hard; the machine turned over and sat on your head. The steering gear, too, was apt to go wrong at critical moments, and to land you in all sorts of unexpected places.

But, of course, tricycling was tame compared with bicycling.

Memory is apt to colour things, and exaggeration is a thing I always try to avoid, but I think I am correct in saying that the front wheel of the "ordinary" was about 14 feet in diameter. Behind it was a small 18-inch wheel, the two connected by a long curved fork, or backbone.

### THE PROBLEM OF MOUNTING.

The problem—at least for a small boy—was to reach the saddle perched on top of the front wheel.

One used to mount a step-ladder, while somebody held the machine. Frequently however, you, ladder, and bike got hopelessly mixed up. Besides, it was hardly considered the correct way to mount.

The correct way to mount was as follows. Standing at the off side of the machine, you grasped the handle-bars, and placed the left foot on a small, steep step projecting from the backbone. Then, with a hop or two and a graceful spring you sailed into the saddle and pedalled away.

This was how you did it in theory—beautiful thing theory. In practice, however, it usually worked out quite differently.

Unless you had the arms of a gorilla and the legs of a stork, you couldn't reach the handle-bars without bumping your nose against the saddle, and you couldn't put your foot on the step without nearly splitting yourself in twain.

Usually you had to make a blind jump for the step. Sometimes you got it, more often it got you on the shin.

Even when you achieved the step you had still to reach the saddle. If you sprang too far, you went over the bars, and the machine came after you, and hit you in the most cowardly fashion. If you were short, you landed on the backbone, and slid down again, the step biting bits out of your leg.

Painfully, and by degrees, however, you learned to mount, then the real fun began.

Provided the road was dead level, straight, and with no stones on it, bicycling on an "ordinary" was tolerably safe.

Apart from the stones people threw at you, however, one pebble in the way of your wheel was enough to send you ricochetting along the macadam.

### TACKLING A HILL.

As for going down hill; well, we deserved the V.C. at least.

The swagger way when arrived at the top of a hill was to put your feet over the handle-bars, say your prayers, and let her rip.

If anything got in your way, either you or it had to go; there was no question of slowing up.

Certainly there was a brake on the front wheel, but none save a congenital idiot ever attempted to use it more than once. You see, if you put it on hard enough to have any appreciable effect, the bike promptly started turning catherine-wheels.

No; the only thing to do was to trust in Providence.

Turning a corner, too, was largely a matter of luck. It was always a toss-up whether you got round or shot across the road into a girls' school or anything that happened to be passing. I tell you, it took some nerve to ride a bicycle in the 'eighties.

### CYCLING IN THE ARMY.

When I joined the Service bicycling was not popular. Even when the "safety" boom came, the "cad on castors" idea was widely prevalent in the Army.

However, our arbiter of the "correct thing" went home, returned with a "safety," and we were converted.

Previous mention of my cycling adventures had only meant snubs, and now, I thought, I should get a bit of my own back, and show the boys how to ride.

But d'ye think I could manage a "safety"? Not a bit of it. It took me longer than anyone else to learn, and everybody said that Ananias and I were closely related.

"CHINSTRAP."

---

"Where *is* Nice Place?"
"Please, teacher, I know."
"Silence, little boy! I didn't ask you."

---

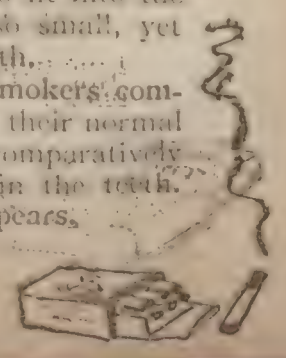
## A SMOKER'S COMPLAINT.

Many a man finds that smoking cigarettes in a holder produces a kind of ache in the facial muscles.

Though most cigarettes, in the opinion of many smokers, are improved in taste by being smoked through a well-cleaned holder, smokers who find that this method produces an aching face are forced to smoke without a holder.

If, instead of the ordinary bone, vulcanite, horn, or amber mouthpiece, they will use a quill holder, their troubles will be at an end. These quill holders are made to fit into the end of the mouthpiece proper, and they are so small, yet firm, that they cause no discomfort to the mouth.

The cause of the ache of which so many smokers complain, is the fact that the jaw muscles are not in their normal position, and, therefore, not at rest, while so comparatively large a thing as a hard mouthpiece is held in the teeth. With the quills, however, the discomfort disappears.



# The Finer Sentiment

A COMPARISON.

By F. GALTON.

We met first of all in the waters of the North Sea, which is no respecter of persons. It buffeted him about even as it did me when we first went in. Then diving through the worst of the breaker, we struck out.

He was kind enough to say when we came in shore again and basked, Continental-wise, on the beach in the sun, that he had enjoyed the swim. We had made a race of it coming in and I had won. "Youth," he said, a little heavily, "had to be served." Then he smiled sadly.

I thought him a charming man, say of forty years. His bathing costume told me nothing. It was of the kind one buys for a couple of shillings in "slender men's," "outsize men's," and mere "men's." He was a mere man from the point of view of the vendor of bathing costumes.

He proposed the cigarette after the bathe that of all cigarettes is the sweetest. After he had come back with the luxuries, I had a clue to his identity. Bargan, the millionaire, 'twas said, was staying down in the little place.

It was a peculiar cigarette-case of some rare horn, highly polished. "F. B." were the plain but sternly magnificent initials, comprehensive, eloquent of stability.

"You are Mr. Bargan?" I said.

"Oh yes," he replied.

And ere we dressed he had found that we had an idea or two in common about the general things of conversation.

"Come along up to my place and have lunch, will you?" he said. "I should be very glad if you would."

I could not mistake the genuineness of his tone.

I had never lunched with a millionaire to date. Of this man's history I knew nothing except that he was one of a family of millionaires. There was no romance about him. He had not had to fight for his money. Never had he experienced the day when the fluctuations of Wall Street meant anything to him.

His wife, a charming and jolly little woman, greeted him in the dining-room, bowed lightly to me, and was absurdly delighted because I was coming to lunch. His little daughters of, say, twelve and fourteen, were my very good friends immediately. They rippled with laughter. His son, overjoyed because I could speak brother-fancier-wise about his guinea pigs, had me out into the garden to judge his latest litter of Peruvians.

This was a veritable house of delight. Even the butler smiled, and every maid-servant seemed to be pleased about something.

There was a strange piece of furniture in the dining-room. Bargan told me it was his favourite toy. I thought it a cabinet of some sort, but he lifted up a lid and disclosed one of the most aristocratic of gramophones—the sort that have no ponderous sounding trumpet.

"Go and play, all of you," he said to his family, and a deep sadness of expression came over his face.

He set some yearning selection from "Salome" going first, some haunting cadence that spoke of passion deep to aching.

"Grand isn't is?" he said as he shut it off with some concealed button.

The "Sonata Pathétique" and the "Chanson Triste" were beautifully rendered—never a harsh note—by the luxurious, entirely perfect, gramophone.

I looked at my millionaire while the last was being played. I traced all on his face that one might read in the sad *chef d'œuvre* of a Master—book, picture, or music.

I caught his far-away eyes. I felt I knew this man, this man of sorrows in a palace of happiness.

"This," he said, and he held up another record, "is my favourite."

Immediately after the preliminary whirr, there started the introduction, *larghetto cantabile*, of a song familiar to all who know the clean but effective simplicity of our English opera.

And then a woman's voice, a prima donna:

"*The heart bowed down by weight of woe*
*To weakest hopes will cling,*"

"Isn't it just magnificent?" said the millionaire, as the inter-verse obbligato swelled out.

"*So long departed years extend,*
*Its visions with them thrown,*
*But mem'ry is the only friend*
*That grief can call its own.*"

He was standing up now, head thrown back, and singing in his pleasant tenor the last line that repeats twice to the violet finish.

"That grief—can call—its own!"

His face was clean-cut and his lips parted, as though to touch the mouth of the Muse that bent down to bestow on him her light caress. . . .

To a *diminuendo* conclusion the music of the accompaniment began, sonorously at first, to die away.

Then—the thing was made clear to me, and by the sudden conjuring up of a little mean tenement of a young workman, unskilled and frequently out of employment, whose dearest possession—whose only possession that was not strictly a necessity—was his "phonograph."

In his house indeed the heart was oft bowed down. His father, a dissolute man, made as much misery in that home as there was happiness in this.

What a change of scene! For the gorgeous entrance hall of this house there was the passage with its dirty wainscotting, and for the pile carpet the ragged linoleum, the pattern of which had been worn to the original canvas long since, and there were places where one had to walk carefully to avoid tripping over the great rents, to repair which no effort was ever made.

The children? There was a wizened boy, [illegible] to my labouring hobbledehoy, and a sallow-faced [illegible] witted, piteous thing, with straggly, lank hair [illegible] loose garment, fitting nowhere, said was a girl.

For the laughter there were curses, and "[illegible] on the still night the cries of a woman being [illegible] about." The eerie shrieks of the puny girl, [illegible] ing protests of the hobbledehoy seeking [illegible] to come between a beer-reeking father and a [illegible] mother.

Go to that house in your lightest frame of mind. I did once, to give out of pity a job in your garden to the wretched young man, and surely you would [illegible] away sad at heart.

Misery, squalor, dirt, dull apathy to anything in the world but the lack of a grimy crust of bread. [illegible] The woman in the wretched rags, abandoned, [illegible] mis-shapen picture of the very Mother of Despair.

It was into this place that, had I not preferred to gratify his request that I should listen to his instrument only by standing outside, he would have led me!

But I heard the grating, absurdly metallic little thing murder a comic song. He came out singing it afterwards—it was the only record he possessed—his hat on at an absurd angle, swinging a stick, and informing me he was "Algernon."

"*I've been out with Charlie Brown—*
*Charlie Brown's all right!*
*You can trust to Charlie Brown,*
*Charlie Brown's all right. . . .*

A comic song, a song with a leaning to the [illegible] ment of life—in the midst of that squalor. . . .

The picture of it all faded with the finish of "The Heart Bowed Down."

I realised that there was something in common between Bargan and my unskilled labouring boy, although manufacturing happiness by the aid of [illegible] in an atmosphere of misery had been infinitely more [illegible] to understand than this wooing of sadness in a [illegible] delight.

The admirers of "The Heart Bowed Down" and "Charlie Brown" were of one and the same temperament! Each had that priceless possession that [illegible] man of us but the most besotted beast is given to alleviate his life . . . the power that lifts one out of oneself, the Godlike in man—the finer sentiment.

## THE STORED BICYCLE.

...re one of those who never cycle in winter, and ...de the bicycle away from October till May, there are ...oints which should be attended to if the machine is ...eriorate.

...rst place the entire machine, tyres and all, should ...ectly dry when put away.

...tyres should not stand on a stone or brick floor, for ...old the dampness, and the tyre, where it touches the ...e same spot for some months, is apt to perish. If ..., sling the bicycle up to a beam, or from two nails in ...wall, by a stout cord, and let most of the air out of the ...s.

...not leave the lamp on the machine. When you shift ...machine the oil may drip, and, in any case, the oil gets ...and congealed during the winter, and the lamp wants ...ng if it is ever to be of use again. Take it off, clean it, ...t it on a shelf, empty of all oil.

...ated and bright parts of the bicycle should be well ...-vaseline is excellent for this purpose.

...rrier over the back wheel should be taken off, ...it is apt to rust, and the leather tool-bag, also, ...be taken off, wrapped up, and put on a shelf out of ...

## REGIMENTAL WORKSHOPS.

... regiment has its own workshops, which in an ...try battalion consist of the pioneers', the shoe-...ers', and the tailors' shops.

...ey are respectively in charge of a pioneer-sergeant, ...ergeant-shoemaker, and a sergeant-tailor.

...The men employed are soldiers who have worked at ...particular trade of the particular "shop" before en-...ing, or who since enlisting have been willing to learn a ...in their spare time. Boys are also employed in the ...ental workshops.

...-sergeant, who must hold a certificate from ...of Military Engineering, has under him ten ...y three carpenters (he himself should, if pos-... carpenter), two bricklayers, one smith, one ...painter and glazier, one plumber and gas-...and one saddler.

...The men in regimental workshops are paid partly as ...partly as tradesmen, that is, in addition to their ...tal pay they either receive wages or share in the ...of the "shop." They are usually allowed to under-...private work, provided it does not interfere with ...work and is done within the limits of the camp or ...ks.

## GHILLIES.

...Scottish ghillie is something between a gamekeeper ...e shooting-man's "loader."

...The "loader" is often just a valet or man-servant who ...ing whatever of sport, but the ghillie is skilled ..., shooting, fishing, or whatever his particular ...e.

...same time he has not the authority of a game-...

...ing, ghillie means a lad, but the modern ...erally a grown man, the Highland ghillies ...uie, fine, big men, and uncommonly good ...not spoilt by Saxon and Hebraic visitors.

...n these days many of them know only a few ...of English, and habitually use the Gaelic.

...Some sportsmen would get a nasty jar if they knew ...the outwardly respectful ghillies were saying about ...der cover of their mother tongue.

...ever, if you are the right sort, willing to learn, and ...nin... of the fact that Highlanders have no rooted ...to "whusky," then in the ghillie you shall find a ...porting guide, philosopher and friend.

...et on with him and you will have great sport, and learn ...any sporting tips and wrinkles not to be found in any ...k.

...his feathers — and it is mighty easy to do so, ...ecially if you are a "foreigner"—and you will ...get a fair shot at the stag, you will never be shown ...the big fish lurk or told what flies to use.

...a very independent chap is the Highland ghillie.

# The Hostility of Sex

### A MAN'S VIEW.

It's no use going on deceiving ourselves any longer. At the bottom of our hearts we men don't like women.

We fall in love with them now and then, it is true, but that's by no means a reason for liking them.

On the contrary, a man will frequently dislike a woman for the very fact that he does love her. Because she won't let him alone. Because she intrudes her personality into everything he does. Because he knows he won't be happy till he gets her, and decidedly won't be happy when he does.

**INSTINCTIVE DECEPTION.**

Woman is the universal disturber of a man's peace of mind. Can it be wondered at that beneath his surface courtesy and consideration there exists a profound, ineradicable, instinctive animosity?

Men dislike women because, chief above all, they are unable to trust them.

They can't trust their word, because women so seldom say what they think. They can't trust their smile, because that is the most effective and deceptive weapon in the female armoury, and is seldom used honestly, even by the honestest woman.

They dare not trust their love, because a woman will lie and lie about her love till no one knows the truth of it except herself, and will clothe it in such a tangle of subterfuge and subtle dissemination that a man cannot recognise it, even when it is revealed before his eyes.

Only when a man has ceased to care for a woman does she truly begin to love him.

**WOMEN AND SECRETS.**

A man cannot trust a woman with a secret, because the woman has yet to be born who would preserve a secret for any other motive than imperative self-interest.

A further reason for men disliking women is that every woman, whether gentlewoman or scullery-drab, becomes impudent when she is found out.

A sound comradeship exists between men and men which has no counterpart whatever between women and women. Women cannot genuinely be happy in their own company as men can. Women, when they are together, talk of dress, servants, other women and their own love affairs. Men, apart from the subjects of business and sport, are inveterately impersonal.

A woman will show her love-letters to a "friend," and repeat in minute detail the sacredest conversation. A man when he is in love will scrupulously avoid mentioning even the name of his heart's desire.

**WHEN MEN FOREGATHER.**

A number of men gathered together will be perfectly free and easy and natural till a woman enters the room. Then will ensue a swift imperceptible change. Men will put on their armour; not the armour of deceit, but the armour of instinctive defence. They do not want women to know what actually they are like when amongst themselves.

The intrusion of women into various commercial spheres has undoubtedly been instrumental in increasing the hostility of sex. Men naturally suffer under the humiliation of being ousted by inferior units. Female labour, admittedly, is inferior all round to male. Few women earn as high a wage as men, few are so reliable, few so conscientious. Important positions are entrusted to men. Women, were they equipped with equal energies and capabilities, would overwhelm the markets, and by sheer superiority of numbers relegate men to second position.

Perhaps they hope that eventually they may do so. The one circumstance about which there is no doubt whatever, is that men are not in the least bit apprehensive.

It is amusing to speculate what extent of generosity would be shown by women to men were the women "top dog" in politics and trade and art, as men are to-day. It is an absolutely certain fact that they would make us "sit up," and unblushingly glory in the process.

STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.

# Secrets of Pigeon-Racing

## AN INTERESTING SPORT WHICH IS NOT NECESSARILY EXPENSIVE.

The most interesting part of the sport of homing pigeon flying takes place in early autumn, when the "young-bird" races are flown.

In spring and early summer the races are for old birds, who fly from enormous distances to the lofts which contain their mates, eggs, and squabs; but when the nesting season draws to a close the interest is transferred to the birds of the year, for which a great number of club, federation, and combine events are arranged, over distances up to 250 miles.

Young pigeons grow more quickly than most birds. At three months old they are strong fliers, and by this time are already in training for the young bird events.

After having been let out from the lofts in the morning, at midday, and in the evening, for a fly which strengthens their pinions and teaches them to recognise the steeples, chimneys, trees, and roofs surrounding their lofts, their education is taken in hand more seriously.

One night they are caught gently from their bracket-perches and popped through a trap-door into a basket, full of chopped straw with troughs of water hooked to it, and there left quietly over-night.

### THEIR FIRST LESSON

Next morning, if the weather be calm, clear, and favourable, the basket is taken to the distance of a mile or less from the loft, placed on the ground and carefully opened. The birds emerge, take wing, and, flying round and round in ever-widening circles, seek anxiously with their long-sighted eyes for some landmark that they are able to recognise as standing in the immediate neighbourhood of the loft in which they were hatched.

Directly one of them catches a glimpse of the familiar chimney-stack he darts away, followed by the rest; and in a couple of minutes the whole flock is at home and settling on the familiar board that runs round the trap over the loft, within which they can see spread for them a welcoming feast of tick-beans, dari-seeds, maple peas, and other delicacies.

The birds have had their first real lesson in the practice of the homing instinct, developed in them through a thousand generations from their progenitor, the rock-dove.

### WORKING UP TO DISTANCE FLIGHTS

Thereafter, they are liberated from gradually increasing distances—3, 6, 12, 20, 35, and 50 miles—being taken the shorter distances on bicycles, and sent by train for those that are longer, the railway servants releasing them on their arrival and returning the empty panniers to their owners for a small inclusive fee.

Many birds are lost, of course, in these initial training stages. They may be released with another lot of birds from a different locality, and may follow them home, or they may get caught in mist and descend in some farm-yard where, joining the flock of domestic pigeons dwelling there, they may become permanent residents.

I once trained a dozen birds up to the three-mile stage, when, on a clear day and in a sky void of other pigeons, they completely vanished, after apparently flying to within a quarter of a mile from their loft.

That was near Hindhead in Surrey, and a few days later one bird was reported from Portsmouth, and after a week another returned of its own accord; but the rest of the birds which had taken part in the "fly-away" returned no more.

### WELL LOST.

The Portsmouth bird, on being again released, also disappeared, and, although the other prodigal was given his liberty, and for a week or so returned on alternate nights, he eventually departed for some sphere where he was less lonely.

The homer fancier who loses his favourites in this way may console himself with the reflection that birds that under favourable circumstances fail to find their way home from limited distances will never make racers,

and that he is saving much food, entrance-fees, and pools during continued absence.

All pigeons intended for ringed in the nest with bands having the initials or "N.U.H.P.," with the number—which are issued by principal pigeon papers—by their original owners can identified.

Should a pigeon drop into loft, the proprietor will at once cate the fact to the "found" the paper whose initial its so that the owner may ually, however, it is not wor ing, and the best breeders tell the finder to put it in a pie, unfit to race or to breed from.

A good many young birds through being shot by ke poachers, though the penalty crime is now a very severe one.

Hawks account for others, and in bad weather, of rain beat down the birds, who join flocks of domes pigeons.

### NEARLY SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

The mortality among homers is very large, the best survive, so that it is not surprising that birds sometimes come home with a velocity of 1,600 yards per minute, or nearly sixty Any velocity above 1,000 is considered

The pastime of pigeon-racing numbers nearly adherents in the British Isles, and some are dispatched every Saturday during the from the places chosen as liberating stations big events. To these they are convoyed by of officials in special trains and boats from of the kingdom.

The present King is the owner of a and the late King Edward once won the which he presented annually for the Grand race, with a bird bred at Sandringham.

ROBERT SIN

## LEVEL LEAGUES.

### PLAYERS ARE NOW FREELY EXCHANGED

Among other notable changes the football seen during the past few years is the level the Leagues—that is of the First and Second of the English League and the Southern League.

At one time English League players ferred to the Southern League, but it unheard-of thing for a player of the la to go to a first-class League club.

Indeed, there was a mild sensation when the Crystal Palace right winger, was transferred Villa to gain a permanent place in that famous little were Southern League players thought of th

To-day the best English League clubs draw on the South for new men.

For example, a new-comer to Newcastle Uni season is Kelly, of Watford, while Sunderland have glad to secure such last season Southern Leaguers Buchan (Leyton) and Payne (Crystal Palace).

Jefferies, late of Southampton, will be seen in ton's forward line, while Preston North End have on Kirby, of Portsmouth, and Beaumont, of Watfo

Various Second Division players have also "promotion" to the First Division, notably, Blackpool to Blackburn Rovers; Webster—Gain Trinity to Tottenham Hotspur; Green—Burnley to North End.

Equally, a good many First Division play gone to Second Division or Southern Leag

This free exchange of players means a le of the Leagues, and, truth to tell, there is little between First and Second Division and Southern clubs.

A Second Division club holds the Cup season the representatives of the South whacked those of the Football League more, they won on their merits.

# You can judge in a few minutes whether the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser," which leading business men find indispensable, is of any use to You. Send the enquiry form at foot.

Practical men of business, known to all the world, are constantly using and referring to the Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser. Ought not you, who read this announcement, to do the same? You may not need it, but we offer you an opportunity to find out whether you should follow the advice of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, who wrote, "We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work"; or whether, on the contrary, you can afford to do without it.

An opinion like this, and similar opinions by such men as Sir Thomas Dewar, Sir William Treloar, Messrs. J. and J. Colman, Limited, Sir C. W. Macara (President of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' Association of Manchester), Messrs. Liberty and Co., Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., and the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone), must command the respect of any business man. But do *you* need the Business Encyclopædia?

## IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING TO FIND OUT.

Free of charge we will send you a full description of the work and its contributors, and tell you how to have the seven volumes delivered for only 1s. 6d., the balance payable in small monthly payments.

## WHAT THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA IS.

The Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser is a book which business men use daily.

If you are engaged in your own business it will save cost in actual money outlay. Numerous forms and documents ordinarily requiring a solicitor to draw are contained in the Business Encyclopædia. But this is only one of its money-saving and money-making features. The information obtainable from it saves an enormous amount of time and labour. Facts which would have to be learned—and perhaps only learned imperfectly—by enquiry and correspondence are here completely tabulated, ready for use. The work contains, for example, information of vital importance on Shipping, Manufacture, Law, Office-Organisation, Advertising, Banking, Finance, Printing, Insolvency, Balance Sheets, Limited Liability Law, Trade Credit, Employers' Liability, Factory Organisation, Agreements, Employees' Rights, Collection of Debts, Married Women's and Minors' Responsibility, Partnerships, Railway and Carriers' Obligations, Arbitrations, Stock Exchange Matters, Investments, Bankruptcy, Average, Agency, and the Like.

What is the nature and extent of the information on these and thousands of other commercial subjects, in the Business Encyclopædia? The Free Book offered below will tell you.

## EMPLOYEES AND THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

On the other hand, if you are earning or desire to earn a salary, to what extent would the Business Encyclopædia increase your earning power and prospects of employment? What could you learn from it, and how is the information arranged? Could you refer to it in actual business, and thus prove yourself of greater value to an employer than if you had not this work to refer to?

The business labour market is overstocked with men who have a clerk's knowledge and no more. But employers state that it is extremely difficult to engage a well-informed and thoroughly trained man for the higher-salaried positions of a business house. If you had the Business Encyclopædia to refer to for information, would you be fit for one of these well-paid posts?

You can judge for yourself by sending for the Free Book. This book itself is so full of information and suggestions that it will set a man thinking and improve his work. It will show him that there are avenues to advancement of which, perhaps, he had never thought. The Business Encyclopædia shows the way to advancement. *It has been the making of some men.*

## YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO SEND FOR THE FREE BOOK.

The Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser consists of Seven Volumes. The subject-heads are arranged alphabetically. Every aspect of business has been treated by the highest authority on the subject who could be found. The names of contributors enumerated in the Free Book will show you how the Business Encyclopædia gathers in one handy set of books all that a business man needs to know about business.

# Write for the Free Book.

## ENQUIRY FORM.

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, your book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," and the conditions with which you will deliver it for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance by small monthly instalments.

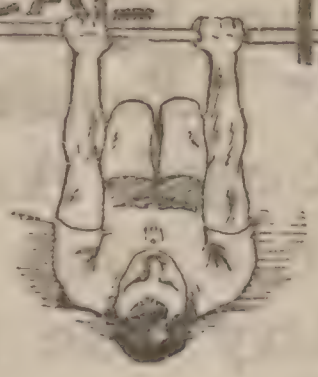
Name .....

(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

.....

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXP. RT.

## A COMPLETE EXERCISE.

### SOMETHING NEW AND SIMPLE.

Here is an exercise which develops practically every muscle of the body, and more especially the muscles of the arms and shoulders.

Take up your position in the corner of a room, standing about three feet away from the point where the walls meet, and with your feet eighteen inches apart.

Now place one hand against either wall, the palm of the hand being flat against the wall, with the fingers pointing upwards.

The hands should be on exactly the same level as the shoulders.

Next, press against the wall with all your force with the left hand, straightening the left arm as much as you can. While doing this, do not permit the hands to change their position on the walls.

Pressing against the walls of a room, one arm acting against the other.

While pressing hard with the left hand, tense every muscle which is affected, and resist the movement with the right arm and the right leg.

Put realism into it by imagining that the two walls are closing together as if to crush you, and that you are doing your utmost to press them apart.

Maintain the tensity of the muscles for ten full seconds. Then relax, take a moment's rest, and repeat the exercise, this time pressing hardest with the right hand, and allowing the body to incline slightly to the left.

During the exercise breathe freely. When you are concentrating all your will-power upon tensing the muscles, you are apt to hold your breath, but practice will enable you to overcome this inclination, and there is no reason why you should not breathe with freedom during the exercise.

Repeat the exercise about five times. When you have finished, practise tensing the muscles which you have been using, but this time do it without placing your hands upon the wall. Thus you will obtain thorough control of these muscles.

## THE RUNNER'S MUSCLES.

### DANGERS THEY INCUR AT THE PRESENT SEASON.

It is at this time of the year, when the air in the afternoon is apt to have a shrewd "bite" in it, showing that Jack Frost is not far off, that the running man has to be very careful of his muscles.

This refers particularly to the business man whose spins are taken after his return home from work, in the chilliest part of the day, when the sun has gone down. He should beware of "snapped muscles."

In warm weather the only injury that can overtake the muscles is weakness through overwork, but as soon as there is the faintest suspicion of frost in the air, there is the greatest danger of the muscles cracking or getting badly strained, unless proper precautions are taken.

This is why in the dressing-rooms of the principal running grounds, or the headquarters of the big harriers' clubs, notices are posted to warn runners not to go out into the cold air without having given their bodies, and especially their legs, a vigorous rubbing with the bare hands, or preferably a horse-hair rubbing-glove, and always to warm up the muscles with a gentle trot before the actual strenuous work.

Most runners, indeed, go further than this. They will come out of their dressing-rooms on to the ground simply reeking with embro[illegible] Here is a very popular recipe:

Mix quarter pint spirits of wine, [illegible] spirits of turpentine, and quarter pint of vinegar with a fresh egg that has been beaten up. This mixture should always be thoroughly shaken before use, because the [illegible] is apt to sink to the bottom. Well rubbed in it is an excellent preventive of muscle stra[illegible] just as it is a splendid thing when the muscle has been actually injured.

Never make the mistake of applying cold water to a strained muscle in its inflamed state. Wait till the inflammation has subsided.

---

Mr. Thomas Inch, the famous Physical Culture expert, has made an addition to the list of prizes in his thousand guinea competition, which will appeal to every reader of this paper, namely, twenty-five annual subscriptions to The Modern Man. The twenty-five winners will receive [illegible] copies by post for one year, free of all cost.

---

## PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

**H. M.** (Blackburn).—Wear a bandage in future, and [illegible] trouble will not recur.

**P. W.** (Aberdare).—Consult your doctor about the rupture and be guided entirely by him.

**"LIGHT"** (Newcastle).—Your measurements are very poor all round. You must go in regularly for Physical Culture and open-air sports, but don't overdo it at first. It would be best for you to place yourself in the hands of an expert, who will give your case individual attention.

**"CHURCHMAN"** (Birmingham). — You cannot expect to rival a professional strong man's development, as you say you are taking up Physical Culture and exercise for the first time at thirty-five; but you can increase your muscles very considerably, and you will certainly improve your health.

**H. C. D.** (Stroud Green).—It is rather difficult for you to arrange suitable times for your training for your forthcoming walking race, as you finish work on some evenings at 9.30. As you don't have to turn out until ten on the following morning, however, it will do you no harm to put in your practice after getting home on these late nights. It would be better than doing it in the morning, as that would leave you rather tired for your day's work.

Send 1s. 1½d. for **Maxick's Great Book**, the rage of the **physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General Athletics, Weight lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of all **"IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, **"The Last Word in Physical Culture,"** which will be included Free and Post Free, or sent to any address send addressed postcard to—

**MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.**

**HEALTH AND PHYSICAL PERFECTION**

**is the result obtained by MY Course of Scientific Physical Culture.**

The exercises are SELF-RESISTING, require no apparatus, and a few minutes of time daily.

The CURING—not alleviating—of all the more common [illegible] defects by Natural Methods is a speciality.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**

By sending the Coupon to-day you will receive FREE my latest publication entitled "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," describing my methods and giving some remarkable information regarding exercise.

**J. JACKSON ROBINSON,**

**Physical Culture Specialist**

(Dept. M2), **18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.**

CUT HERE. CUT HERE.

**FREE BOOK COUPON.**

Date.....

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, 18, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool.

Sir,—Please send me free and post free your new book, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," as explained in "The Modern Man."

Name .....

Address .....

(Write clearly) .....

If enclosed in an unsealed envelope, halfpenny stamp may be used.

# INCH'S GREAT £1050 (Thousand Guineas) PRIZE SCHEME

I want every reader of MODERN MAN, whether interested in physical culture or not, to apply for particulars of the above great scheme at once.

You will not only receive a Free Booklet describing whichever of my courses of home training interests you most—my health course for sedentary workers; my advanced course for would-be strong men; my tutorial course for would-be physical culture directors; my wrestling course for the wrestling aspirant; or my full contraction course for those who desire superb physical development (mention which course interests you most)—but at the same time you will hear how you may gain one of the

# 770 PRIZES

which I am offering to readers of this paper.

Who knows but that you may gain the first prize, valued at £350.

## WHY NOT?

Too often in prize competitions the prize is carried off with ridiculous ease simply because one competitor is afraid of another. My advice to you is "go in and win."

## THE FIRST PRIZE—£350.

Let it be explained that whilst this first prize is valued at £350, it might easily extend to a far greater value, according to the ability of the man who gains it.

I commenced by offering 770 prizes with a promise that in all probability more would be added. I beg to say that so much interest has been shown in this Scheme, particularly by readers of MODERN MAN, that the prizes have already been increased to over 800, and in all probability no Prize Scheme has yet been devised in connection with which so much liberality has been extended to competitors. In the near future I hope to make an interesting announcement showing how further valuable prizes may be gained. By arrangement with the proprietors of MODERN MAN, 25 free yearly subscriptions to that interesting paper for up-to-date young fellows will be awarded.

One very important point is that the Scheme cuts two ways. You are not only working with the object of securing a valuable prize—perhaps the first prize worth at least £350 or, perhaps, the £100 cash prize—but at the same time you have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever improvement you record in your physical development, or in eradicating any troublesome complaint, no one can rob you of the great benefit derived from your work whether you gain a valuable prize or not.

The interesting conditions and list of prizes have been devoured with great interest by all who have received same.

When I say mail my post-card whether interested in physical culture or not, I have in mind a

## £100 CASH PRIZE,

which may be easily gained by any young fellow with a little energy and ambition, whether he is interested in physical culture or not.

Prizes are offered for increased development; for improvement in health; for successes at sports and games; for weight-lifting; and for a little work in the spare time, as per particulars, which will be forwarded you by return mail on application.

The Prize Scheme will undoubtedly supply tremendous incentive to work, and

## DON'T FORGET

you will receive particulars of the best physical culture course in the whole world, the cost of which is purely nominal, and easy instalments arranged when desired.

My claims are not only endorsed by 45,000 satisfied pupils, but by the editors of ALL the world's physical culture journals, and most other magazines and athletic papers, to say nothing of the world's champion athletes in every branch of sport who have successfully trained on the famous Inch system.

# DO IT NOW!

and let no competitor gain an advantage over you.

# THOMAS INCH,

## Physical Culture Expert,

## Dept. M.M., Munster House, Fulham, London, S.W.

# THE MAN OUTSIDE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

The corporation office of works had started work that winter on the new line of trams along the broad, beautifully-timbered avenue, where were the houses of the well-to-do.

To Harry Brent this was a good thing, for it meant work for him. The man in the Borough Surveyor's office, with whom he had attended the local grammar school, handed him the ticket that he was to show to the foreman—the ticket that said H. Brent had been duly engaged by the corporation as a labourer.

His wife, poorly, if neatly clad, stood outside and waited for him.

"It's all right, girl," he said. "I've got a job."

They stood by the marble tablet let into the town hall. Beneath the arms of the town it gave a list of its mayors. There was one man who had held the position three times—John Brent.

Momentarily, the woman's glance rested on the tablet. But it was nothing to comment upon that that man was her husband's father. All the bitterness that could be got out of that fact had been extracted long ago.

Harry Brent shouldered his pickaxe, was so sentimental as to kiss his wife, and marched off with another gang of fortunates. He was "Harry" to all of them.

The foreman was pleased that they had sent him Harry Brent among the batch, for where some sense, as well as labour, was required, he knew by experience that he was one to be trusted. It was not his first corporation job.

They started work that morning outside the fine house of John Brent, thrice mayor of the town, for that was to be the terminus of the new line.

A passing councillor stopped to take an official survey of the commencement of the work. He cast an eye on the first man with the pickaxe, and then looked at the big house.

"Always a stern old gentleman, his father, sir," said the foreman.

"Rather a harum-scarum boy, too, wasn't he? Self-willed, I've heard."

"Most of us are over our women-folk. He married the girl he wanted to marry. That was the cause o' the trouble, I think, sir."

"Quite so. Not a penny-piece from the father, I understand."

"He's had to make up for his slackin' about, I believe, sir."

Hotter than the work made him, Harry was falling to with his pickaxe, anxious to get his particular portion done, and move on further down the long line of toilers.

An open landau drove up, and he noticed that his father was assisted out by one of his brothers, under well-expletived protest.

The foreman passed him.

"The old man must be feeling his years," he said to the foreman. "Might I——?"

"Certainly, Brent."

Taking cover behind the back of the landau, he peered at the old gentleman walking painfully up the drive to his house, but angrily refusing the arm of his youngest son.

"Poor old chap," he said, returning.

There was pity in his voice, but Harry Brent had been used, perhaps, more hardly than his case deserved. His jaw stiffened. He fell to work again, rhythmically, with the pickaxe.

Ten minutes later a servant came out with a note. In it his youngest brother asked why he wanted to add to the humiliation that he had already brought on the family. Their father might be coming out to look at the work. Supposing he saw him?

Harry Brent tore it up, and gave it back to the girl.

"That is my answer to the young pup," he said, bitterly. "Tell him that my father put me here. What if he does see me?"

But he finished the preliminary cutting to where the next man had started as soon as he could.

"I can be getting on with it further down," he said.

The foreman nodded. Not having had his nose to the ground, he had noticed old John Brent stumping out of his house, aided by his stick, and vociferously refusing the assistance of his youngest son.

"Go to the devil, sir. Surely I can walk across the road by myself," drifted to the ears of the foreman.

It was near one o'clock, and by the coke fire against the foreman's box several women waited with their husbands', sons', or brothers' dinners.

Among them was "Harry Brent's missus." The roughest-minded of the womenfolk rather despised this shop-girl, who seemed "too much the lady" to be the wife of a labouring man.

"Reckon she thought she'd got a catch," they said among themselves.

And they looked over to the big house and laughed.

Waving his son back with his stick, old John Brent came on.

From round a side road a motor-car swftly turned, the driver surprised by the impeding breaking of the road.

Old John Brent was stumping over to the foreman's box. He was a little deaf.

The warning hoot was not heard.

"He'll be killed!" cried "Harry Brent's missus."

She broke from the group and ran to the old man, pushing him into safety.

The off-wheel caught her. A minute later it was bearing her away.

Her husband's supporting arm was holding up her head to the light.

The group of women caught a glimpse of her.

They had no comment to make.

John Brent was an old man. As well might the wheels have passed over him. To a heart weakened by age and constant storms of uncontrollable temper, the shock was sufficient.

It was only three days later that a lawyer's clerk was reading to Harry Brent an extract from his father's will that affected him.

"And my son, Harry, I exclude from any benefit whatsoever under this, my will, for that he made a foolish and improvident marriage in direct opposition to the expressed wishes of his parents."

As things had turned out there was no necessity for evasion. He would have had to have said to her, "I am not mentioned in the will at all."

---

Where *is* Nice Place?

Anyhow, does the word rhyme with "ice" or "fleece"?

---

## WHEN ROLLING LAWNS.

Most careful gardeners know and act on the plan, but some—small amateurs chiefly, who are nevertheless keen on their little town or suburban patch—do not think of it.

It is this. When rolling the lawn, do not drag the roller on to the grass from the path by main force. Get a round log of wood, put it close to the border of the turf, and then gently haul up the roller.

This log of wood prevents the edge of the lawn from getting worn down. If this happens the whole lawn looks shabby. So use the round log of wood. It needs, of course, be only the length of the roller's width.

# French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

# French, German, or Spanish?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

**HUGO'S 1911 Self-Tuition Course By Post.**

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

*Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.*

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) you at present get:

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A Set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German or Spanish, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, &c., &c., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD, NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

*HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.*

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning THE MODERN MAN when inquiring.

**LESSONS IN FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| SPECIAL DAY CLASSES | .. | 6s. 6d. Monthly. |
| EVENING CLASSES | .. .. | 4s. 0d. ,, |
| PRIVATE LESSONS | .. | from 3s. 0d. per Hour. |

*Books Included.* *Native Teachers.*
*Coaching for Naval and Military Examinations.*

## HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE

(Established 1875).

**38, GRACECHURCH ST., E.C.; 64-66, OXFORD ST., W.; 205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.**

*Address for Self-Tuition inquiries:*
**38, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

A PLACE WHERE MEN MAY BE STUDIED.

It is an unpretentious place—this restaurant whose bill of fare is plastered all over its windows on pieces of paper of generous proportions—but to the student of his fellow-men it is possessed of more than usual interest, for all sorts of workers are wont to foregather there.

Outside it, in the broad suburban high-road, vehicles are drawn up as varied in style as the drivers who are regaling themselves inside; but they have all one characteristic in common. They are all drawn by well-cared-for horses.

"Good pull-up for Carmen" is the legend in goodly letters over the door, and underneath it, in characters almost equally self-assertive, is the announcement that "our sixpenny dinners are a treat."

**BRISK BUSINESS.**

The patrons of the pull-up seem to credit the statement, for the little place is full—it is about half-past twelve, mid-day—of brawny chaps who all seem to know one another, and who, although they are tucking in with a will, can still spare a moment between bites to exchange remarks, generally pointed, with other diners, and to shout a welcome to any other cronies who chance to come in.

A large bill, stuck sideways across a mirror advertising somebody's cigarettes, announces, through the medium of the proprietor's dainty hand-writing in blue pencil, that steak-and-kidney puddings, fresh for each customer, are to be had for threepence each. But the customers of the "pull-up" have no time to give that dish its rather lengthy name.

Here is a bulky brewer's drayman who has just come in, after giving a nosebag each to his two immense horses. He wants a threepenny steak-and-kidney pudding. The busy little proprietor, in shirt-sleeves and a surprisingly clean apron, hurries up.

**BONIFACE AND HIS PATRONS.**

"Baby's face and boiled," grunts the customer, and the landlord, in no wise shocked at this apparently rather blood-thirsty demand, shouts to somebody below for a steak-and-kidney pudding and boiled potatoes.

He knows each of his patrons by name, too, does this Boniface of the "pull-up"; and they all seem to like him, despite the fact that one would assume from their remarks that he had all the imperfections under the sun.

"George!" shouts a gentleman whose working hours are spent expanding his lungs with shouts of "Coals!"

"All right, Bert, what is it?" comes a squeak from behind a mass of plates and mugs piled on the counter.

"Hoi, come out an' take my order," replies the impatient patron. "Wot d'yer mean by shoutin' to a gentleman acrost the room?"

**GOOD-HUMOURED BANTER.**

The proprietor emerges, full of mock apology.

"A thousand pardons, my lord," he begs. "Methinks I did not call to mind thy visage. It is so encrusted with coal——"

The customer bursts into a laugh.

"Chuck it, George. Your legs are too spindly for you to give lip to a professional wrestler—that's me," he says. "Bung us a two-eyed steak, and two slices, and a large cup o' slush—an' remember, I'm in a 'urry!"

Above all other sounds, one predominates—the sound of muscular jaws steadily munching. Over there in the corner sit two taxi-drivers, quieter men these, comparing their morning's takings; there is a good sprinkling of general labourers, and the residue are carmen in different trades—all big, strong chaps, with the independence written on their faces that comes with making good money and living within its limits.

The arms and faces of most of them are grimy, but below their open shirt collars one can see strips of neck as white as any man's. And no obscene word comes from any of them—for, lo! there is a lady present—a little girl of fifteen, washing up the dishes.

F. KENWORTH.

# A Consistent Money-Making Record

**UNIQUE IN THE HISTORY OF FINANCE.**

What further proof is required than the concrete fact that the

# National Share Exchange

has paid to its Clients the colossal sum of over

## HALF-A-MILLION POUNDS STERLING

IN ACTUAL FIGURES

# £534,590

Thousands have made money through us. Are you one of them? If not **write to us to-day and we will point out the way.**

**The following figures represent cheques paid to a few Clients quite recently.**

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss E. B. | 10 | 0 | 0 | A. S. | 20 | 0 | 0 | H. E. B. | 19 | 13 | 6 |
| T. M. J. | 20 | 18 | 0 | J. B. | 24 | 0 | 0 | T. J. B. | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| T. J. B. | 18 | 0 | 0 | W. D. W. | 16 | 19 | 0 | A. B. A. | 35 | 15 | 0 |
| C. A. | 10 | 13 | 0 | G. T. G. | 54 | 7 | 6 | Mrs. A. S. | 17 | 18 | 6 |
| J. A. O. | 73 | 11 | 6 | T. J. B. | 10 | 10 | 0 | Miss S. | 11 | 8 | 0 |
| S. R. | 20 | 7 | 0 | W. F. W. | 26 | 17 | 6 | W. F. W. | 11 | 5 | 0 |
| A. S. | 16 | 0 | 0 | J. E. M. | 20 | 0 | 0 | J. B. | 25 | 10 | 0 |
| F. P. | 20 | 0 | 0 | F. P. | 13 | 7 | 6 | A. S. | 24 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss J. B. | 36 | 0 | 0 | F. W. B. | 23 | 0 | 0 | J. A. T. | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| E. R. | 34 | 17 | 6 | D. M. | 10 | 0 | 0 | P. F. | 17 | 16 | 6 |
| Miss E. B. | 15 | 0 | 0 | R. B. | 11 | 15 | 0 | J. de L. | 214 | 7 | 0 |
| J. de L. | 75 | 0 | 0 | A. W. W. | 24 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. A.E.P. | 10 | 6 | 0 |
| A. H. K. | 10 | 5 | 0 | J. W. | 34 | 0 | 0 | W. P. | 10 | 0 | 6 |
| J. K. | 14 | 13 | 0 | Dr. C. B. | 10 | 0 | 0 | H. W. J. | 22 | 2 | 6 |

The most infallible testimony of all is the proof of our statements. Every one of the above-mentioned cheques is open to your inspection.

**OUR CHEQUE FILES DEMONSTRATE OUR CLIENTS' CONTINUED SUCCESS.**

Remember that thousands of men and women throughout the United Kingdom are at the present moment reaping the pecuniary reward arising from the fulfilment of our timely advices. Remember too that our information is **FREE TO ALL.**

All you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and we will send you our free book, explaining the methods whereby we are enabled to bring pecuniary benefit to thousands of those who follow our recommendations.

**THERE IS MONEY FOR YOU. DO YOU NEED IT?**

If so start to-day by filling in and sending us the Coupon below.

**Take the FIRST STEP that may REALISE your AMBITION to ACHIEVE FINANCIAL SUCCESS**

*To The Secretary,* **The National Share Exchange, Gt. Winchester St., E.C.**

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet. "The Modern System of Money Making," which is a clear explanation of the methods of business which has enabled your clients to receive over half-a-million pounds.

M.M. 14/10/11.

*NAME*_____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

*ADDRESS IN FULL*_____

*DATE*_____
(Please write distinctly.)

(This and all our advertisements are copyright.)

# BUSINESS BUSINESS

## WASTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

### A WORD WITH EMPLOYERS.

Into the whole field of advertising it is impossible here to enter at the moment, but there is one department of advertising that is in urgent need of reform. This is the department concerned with advertising vacant posts.

In looking down the advertisement columns of most papers, and in reading the advertisements of "situations vacant," one can learn absolutely nothing about the real nature of the work to be done in the vacant berths.

Each paragraph reads exactly like the rest, and the man looking for a job has nothing to guide him as to which of the hundreds of vacancies he is likely to suit, or to have a chance of suiting.

This carelessness on the part of advertisers in stating their wants is largely responsible for the complaint of employers that there are so few men fitted for the posts they have to offer.

"I got a hundred and forty-three answers to my advertisement, and not one could do the work I wanted done," says an employer.

He omitted, however, to say that he wanted a clerk who had had experience of a rare and intricate kind of work that probably not one clerk in a thousand is ever called upon to do.

A little less of the stereotyped form of advertisement, a little more explicitness, frankness, and detail, and perhaps a little less mystery as to salary and the identity of the advertiser, would lead to much better results.

In the opinion of many, the employer who puts in his advertisement "state salary expected," is a mean and unbusinesslike person. He ought to pay a decent wage, and he ought not to be ashamed of stating it.

Does he expect to get hold of an excellent man who has, perhaps, had three months of enforced idleness, and who is willing to take almost any salary? Perhaps he does; but if so he is the sort of employer who will not get the best men, in the long run, to stay with him.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

## FINANCE.

*(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)*

### WAR AND THE MARKETS.

There being practically no "bull" account in any of the Stock Exchange markets, the declaration of war by Italy against Turkey has had little or no effect, except in the securities of the two nations immediately concerned, and consequently I am of opinion that, should these two Powers come to an amicable settlement quickly, all markets will show a decided upward tendency.

### HOME RAILS.

These are cheap and excellent investment purchases at present prices. East Londons at anything round about the present price are an excellent speculative purchase.

### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Canadian Pacifics are, in my opinion, still too high, and Trunks are too low.

The dividend on the Mexican Railway Common Stock at 2⅜ per cent. for the half-year, is up to expectations, but the Stock is quite high enough in view of the largely decreased earnings for the current half-year.

### AMERICANS.

The "inside" support which I mentioned in this column last week has been continued, otherwise prices would have had a heavy fall on account of the immense quantity of stock which was thrown over by the big International houses here for defaulting clients in Germany.

As the big Wall Street houses do not buy stock in huge lines unless they can make a profit on the deal, I anticipate a rising market in this section; and the shares which have had the biggest fall—namely, Steel Common and Amalgamated Copper—are the best to buy for the rise.

Steel Preferred shares have recovered most of the fall.

### MINES.

Kaffirs are better left alone after the East Rand trouble; but there are indications of substantial improvement in Rhodesians, and West Africans are worth attention, especially Ashanti Goldfields, which are in my opinion the pick of the mining basket.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**K. W.** (Dublin).—Nos. 1, 2, and 5 are all right, the others are not quoted.

**"NEW READER"** (Cranbrook Common).—I think you had better leave your money where it is, as the expense of transferring would more than account for any slight increase in dividend and the security would remain the same.

**"READER"** (Grimsby).—There is not much market in any of the issues you inquire about, although the companies seem to be doing fairly well. Of the three I think I should prefer No. 1.

**C. B. M.** (Birmingham).—Professional moneylenders are always to be avoided. Accommodating as their advertisements appear to be, the men themselves are not. It will be wisest for you to arrange the loan from a relative, or to ask your creditor to allow you to pay off the debt by suitable instalments.

**O. J.** (Moffat).—Pleased to have been of service to you I see no reason to vary the advice already given.

**P. M.** (Knocklong).—I think you have chosen a good investment, and advise you to leave well alone.

**L. P.** (Draycott).—You should have received credit for the dividend in the end September account. No doubt it is an oversight, and will be immediately rectified if you communicate with your broker.

**H. G.** (Truro).—Hold Nos. 1, 3, and 5. Sell No. 2. As to the others, I can express no opinion, there being no market for them in London.

**F. L.** (Mitcham).—No one was ever ruined by taking a profit. As you have done so, I should advise you to clear out and wait for a reaction to get in again.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

**A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.**
(FORTIETH EDITION.)
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
**FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.**
(ESTABLISHED 1899.)
**44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.**

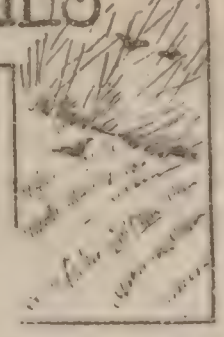
"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

**SHORTHAND IN 12 LESSONS.**
I can teach you the famous, rapidly spreading, high-speed Sloan-Duployan Shorthand in Twelve Lessons leading to a speed of eighty words per minute in four weeks. I have hundreds of convincing testimonials from Doctors, Barristers, Army Officers, and others proving this.
*Send Postcard for my new Illustrated Handbook, post free.*
F. HARVEY HATCHARD, Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London

**MEN OF SPECIAL ABILITY**
are the kind of men we want—men whose Special knowledge or Special Aptitude fits them to occupy Responsible Positions in Technical, Clerical, Organising, or Travelling capacities. We have upon our lists hundreds of positions carrying salaries of from £150 to £1,000 a year—but positions which can only be filled by really High-Grade Men. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.
**HAPGOODS Ltd.** 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

*When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."*

# SPORTING STORIES



## A PROBLEM.

"My pa," said the Bishop's son, "gets £5,000 a year."

"And only because he buttons his collar behind," said the rude child. "I wonder what they'd pay him if it was his knickers."

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"Everybody says he's a bad egg."

"They do now, but they hadn't anything to say against him while he was well off."

"Of course not. They only discovered it when he broke."

## JUST PRIDE.

"I'm givin' notice, if you please, ma'am," said the cook.

"Good gracious, Mary!" her mistress protested. "I'm surprised to hear that. I thought you were quite satisfied with your work and your wages."

"So I am, ma'am, but I can't stand them young men that come after your daughter."

"But surely they don't interfere with you in any way?"

"They don't, ma'am, but people will be thinkin' some of them's a-callin' on me."

## NOT RUNNING.

The busy man left his office for a hurried lunch, and pinned upon the door the notice, "Back Directly."

"Back Directly be sugared!" exclaimed a sporting friend who called during his absence. "There ain't no such horse in trainin'."

## THE ONLY DISTINCTION.

"My dear," said the athlete, fumbling about amongst the clothes on the chair, "are these your clothes or mine?"

"I don't know," replied his athletic wife, "but you can easily tell by looking in the pockets. If you find smelling-salts they're mine, and if you find a tobacco-pouch they're yours."

## UNDER THE SURFACE.

"Joined for the uniform, did you?" said the sturdy Highlander. "Then why did you choose the Dublin Fusiliers? If it's a smart uniform you were after, you ought to have joined a kilted corps."

"You be hanged!" replied the representative of the rival unit. "I'd have you know that there are just as brave and loyal hearts beating beneath the tunics of the Dublin Fusiliers as ever beat beneath the kilts of the Highlanders."

## OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Charles," said the book-keeper to the new office-boy, "just run out and buy me a pound of pears. And, I say, Charles, just pinch one or two to make sure they're ripe."

Charles returned triumphantly ten minutes later, with the money and a basket of pears.

"What the——" said the book-keeper. "I didn't want a blooming vegetarian restaurant!"

"Well, I did what you told me," said Charles. "I pinched one or two, and then when the man wasn't lookin' I pinched the bloomin' lot!"

## THE INEVITABLE QUESTION.

"Miss Brown," he said, "I have a very important question to ask you, but I hardly know how you will take it."

"Don't be timid," she replied, for she had allowed many a possible husband to slip through her fingers. "What is the question?"

"Where *is* Nice Place?" he inquired shily.

# BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**H. T.** (Northampton).—Cigarettes are worse than pipes, so far as shortening the wind goes, but you had better give up smoking altogether, or, at least, cut it severely down, until your match is over.

**A. S.** (Bath).—Make friends with a local vet., and get him to take you on his rounds some day. He will teach you more in a practical manner about the ailments of horses than you would ever learn from books.

**A. V. FINNEY**, 16, Hove Park Villas, Hove, would like to hear from any reader thinking of going to Australia in January next, for the sake of company on the voyage.

**W. T. B.** (Manchester).—A gun licence for one year costs 10s. If you are caught carrying a gun without having a licence you are liable to a fine not exceeding £10.

**J. D.** (Milford Haven).—The Gordons are not the only kilted regiment in the British Army. The Argyle, the Cameron, the Seaforth, and the Royal Highlanders also wear the kilt.

**F. W.** (Bristol) says that the stench of a factory underneath his bedroom window makes it impossible for him to sleep with his window open. His remedy is to find other lodgings.

**G. W. W.** (Alfreton).—Write to the Chief Constable of Sheffield for full particulars.

**R. P.** (Armadale), **G. F. M.** (Hull), **J. H.** (Windsor), **W. N** (Nottingham), **C. B. G.** (Portsmouth), **T. P.** (Edinburgh), **H. A** (Bayswater), **E. T. T.** (Sparkhill).—Our thanks to you.

**RILEY'S** BILLIARD TABLES.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

**Whatever size your room there is a RILEY table to fit it.**

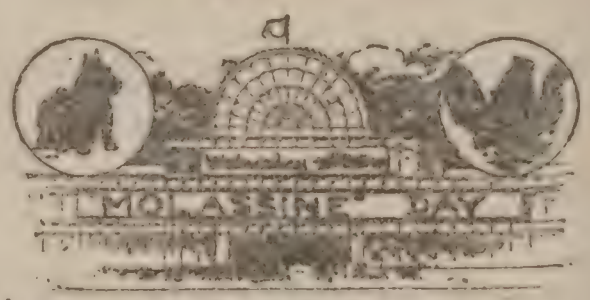
RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES are as perfect and accurate as the full size. The miniature table fits on your own Dining table from **£3 7s. 6d.** RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from **£3 10s.** to **£32.**

Prices include all accessories carriage paid to nearest railway station in the United Kingdom. Cash or easy payments.

*FREE on receipt of postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.*

**E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Beech Mills, Accrington.**

London Showrooms, 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.




FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE & KENNEL CLUB SHOW

**CRYSTAL PALACE**

Buyers of MOLASSINE Dog or Poultry Foods are invited to visit the above

**AT THE EXPENSE OF THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD.**

Send The Molassine Co., Ltd., Greenwich, a receipted bill showing a purchase of 1 lb. or upwards of MOLASSINE Dog, Puppy, or Poultry Food *between 21st September & 21st October, 1911.* and you will receive a ticket

***ADMITTING FREE***

to the Festival of Empire and the Kennel Club Show

**25th OCTOBER, 1911.**

MOLASSINE FOODS are Sold EVERYWHERE.

# LET ME CURE YOUR CATARRH

## MR. BOOTH ARRIVES IN ENGLAND.

### WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

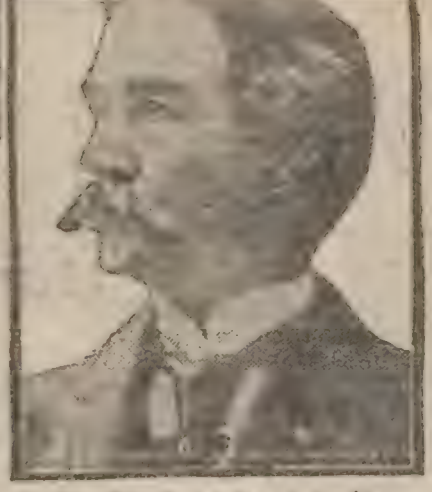
**How you may obtain immediate relief and ultimate cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.**

**Mr. R. T. Booth, who has just arrived in England, is the world-famous Temperance orator, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to Temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomee (formerly spelt Hyomei), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Mr. Booth has from America been assisting, by correspondence, the spreading of the knowledge and use of Hyomee, but at so great a distance he could not do all that he would like to, and because of this he has decided to spend the remainder of his life in England, helping by advice the thousands of sufferers from respiratory troubles. Hyomee is an inhalant, which, being a powerful germ-killer, cures by just breathing it.**

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to you are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-seven years ago, as many of you know, I was stricken with Catarrh in so malignant a form that my life was despaired of. Sir Andrew Clark, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's physician, advised me to go journey to Australia, where he hoped that the warmer climate would bring me relief. In Australia I found a cure. That was twenty-seven years ago, and to-day I have no signs of breathing troubles despite my age. The remedy I discovered I named Hyomee (formerly spelt Hyomei), and I want every sufferer from breathing troubles to give it a trial. That they may do so, I have put the price within the reach of all. I implicitly believe in my remedy. That is why I ask you in asking you to try it. I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed that it would accomplish all that I claim for it. So great is my faith in it, moreover, that I will return your money if it does not benefit you. (See coupon below.)

Mr. Booth in 1882.

**Two Photos of Mr. R. T. Booth with 30 Years Between.**



Mr. Booth as he is to-day.

If your nose is stopped up.
If you have headaches.
If your voice is dull or harsh.
If your eyes are dull or water.
If your throat is dry.
If you are tired on rising.
If you have a short, hacking cough.
If you have much discharge from the nose.
If your sense of smell is affected.
If mucus drops into your throat.
If you have head noises.

If you have one or more of the above symptoms, then you have something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is time you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse.

### CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh not only impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, upsets the stomach, and weakens the mind, but it renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

### PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only am I myself convinced as to the undoubted value and efficacy of Hyomee, but thousands of users in every country have written me within the last two years testify in glowing terms to the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their cases. Their experience may be yours, but do not be misled by the specious advertisements of people who will apparently say anything and make any claims, however wildly absurd, to sell their nostrums.

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, or lung trouble. These troubles threatened my life, and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomee (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-seven years ago, to stay cured ever since, and it can cure you. I guarantee this, or return your money. (See Coupon below.)

My Hyomee cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomee Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clean air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia. That is the fact about the Hyomee Treatment; it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head (Nose), with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the Lungs, with congestion and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomee Treatment—that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomee treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles. Now that I am in England again, I intend to put every ounce of my remaining energy into a vigorous campaign against diseases of the nose, throat, ears, and lungs, and I want sufferers to write me personally at address below. (Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomee Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomee," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsillitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Throat Troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomee Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomee Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

.....

To Mr. R. T. BOOTH, 498, Roycroft House,
96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomee Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomee Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomee Treatment (Foreign Orders 1s. extra).

Name .....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address .....

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You are invited to write a separate letter to me giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same. (Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

# HAVE YOU JOINED?

## IF NOT, DO SO TO-DAY!

*We print below a further instalment of the list of members of* The Modern Man *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list.*

**REDRUTH.**
A. BANCROFT, Albany Cottage; J. FLOYD, Tabb's Hotel.

**REIGATE.**
A. ARGENT, Eagle Hotel, Croydon Road; S. BLACKMAN, 21, Doods Road; W. S. HILLIER, 6, Doods Road; M. LYNCH, Glover's Farm, Reigate Hill; E. C. WICKENS, 51, Deerings Road.

**RENFREW.**
A. BARR, 12, Bell Street; M. McKAY, Post Office.

**RESOLVEN.**
R. STROUD, Fernlea; T. WATKINS, Dorset House, Neath Road.

**RETFORD.**
L. H. PRATT, 55, Cobwell Road.

**RHONDDA.**
M. DAVIES, 105, Llewellyn Street, Pontygwaith; D. H. JAMES, 14, Park Road, Cwmpark; T. L. JOHNS, 27, Carn Street, Pentre; G. H. OSBORNE, 107, Marion Street, Clydach Vale; J. RANDALL, 48, Duffryn Street, Ferndale; D. E. WATTS, 48, Duffryn Street, Ferndale.

**RHOS-ON-SEA.**
A. LOMAX, "Glenart," Abbey Road.

**RICHMOND.**
J. FELL, c/o The Blue Anchor Hotel, Kew Road; J. MOSS, 52, George Street; B. PEARSON, George Street.

**RICKMANSWORTH.**
S. ANDREWS, Moor Park; A. CRASKE, Moor Park.

**RINGWOOD.**
E. A. HAWKINS, 2, May View, Poulven.

**RIPLEY (DERBY).**
W. BRYAN, 15, Church Street; A. HAWLEY, Bramcote House, Cramford Road; P. WATSON, Grosvenor Road.

**RIPLEY (SURREY).**
W. H. TUPPER, High Street.

**RIPON.**
W. H. WAIN, 10, Mawson Lane.

**ROCHDALE.**
H. ALTHAM, 3, Yorkshire Street; C. ASHLEY, 40, Wellfield Street; F. ASHLEY, 40, Wellfield Street; C. L. BREARLEY, 29, Ventnor Street; E. A. BROWN, 183, Broad Lane; F. BUTTERWORTH, 71, Albert Royds Street; L. W. CHEETHAM, 144, Whitworth Road; A. E. CROSSLEY, 11, Bay Street, Foxholes Lane; J. FITTON, 1A, Norwich Street; H. GOUGH, 79, Greenbank Road; L. E. GROARK, 57, Redcross Street; F. HARRIS, 168, Manchester Road; F. S. HOWARTH, 3, Meadow Cottages, Facit Cross; H. KILBURN, Howarth Knowl, Wardle; F. KIRWAN, 49, St. Alban's Street; L. LANGLEY, 17, King's Road; A. McGILL, 200, Yorkshire Street; J. MELLOR, 25, Agness Street, Castleton; H. OXLEY, 185, Broad Lane; C. E. PENNEY, 20, Penrith Street; H. PERCY, 4, Dunsterville Terrace; B. PRESTON, 55, Whitworth Road; J. B. SMITH, 5, Baron Street; J. STANLEY, 43, Sparthbotton Road; H. STUTTARD, 25, Bayclyde Street; A. E. TATTERSALL, 23, Prince Street; J. WOOD, 1, Shore End, Shawforth.

**ROCHESTER.**
E. BISPING, 46, London Road; E. GEORGE, Jun., 46 Prospect Avenue, Frindsbury; F. M. POVEY, 44, Grove Rrove Road, Frindsbury; B. J. RANDALL, Whitewall, Frindsbury.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gold-plated tie-pin | 6d. | Solid silver tie-pin | 1s. |
| Gold-plated safety-pin | 6d. | Solid silver safety-pin | 1s. |
| Gold-plated lapel or cap badge | 6d. | Solid silver lapel or cap badge | 1s. |
| Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain | 6d. | Solid silver pendant for watch-chain | 1s. |

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

| | |
|---|---|
| Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable) | 1s. 4½d., post free |
| Narrow bow-ties | 1s. 5½d., " " |
| Wide-ended silk ties | 2s. 5½d., " " |
| Silk mufflers | 4s. 11d., " " |

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

## APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge. Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

*Signature*.....

*Address*.....

.....


# MAGNIFICENT NEW COMPETITION

## For "Modern Man" Readers.

**EVERYONE WHO COMPLETES WILL RECEIVE A SPLENDID PRIZE.**

**Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in Cash.**

**A PAIR OF SANDOW'S SPRING-GRIP DUMB-BELLS FREE.**
**For Seven Days' Trial.**

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every Modern Man reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and how to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, following which every reader will not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us the first 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per day. Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are acknowledged to be the most perfect Physical Appliance ever invented, hundreds of thousands of pairs being in daily use in every country in the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate lady, as their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit in the home by any person of any age.

**Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.**

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly gets as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," gains proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can add inches on your chest measurement, and increase all the muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells, there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is to secure a prize.

**Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.**

Room 59, Sandow Hall, Burr Street, W.C.

Date.....

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. 12s. 6d.
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. 10s. 6d.
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. 10s. 6d.
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

*Signed* .....

FREE TRIAL.

*Address* .....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

# How To Dribble

POINTS THAT MAKE FOR FIRST CLASS FORWARD PLAY.

By J. P. Noble, Old Cheltonians.

To the man whose experience of football goes back further than a few years, it is rather saddening to note the growing modern indifference to one of the most important departments of Association Football finesse — to wit, the art of dribbling.

Combination and tricky passing from one man to another are, without doubt, excellent tactics, but somehow I deplore the fact that present-day footballers are growing more and more content to become separate cogs in a mechanical system, and are renouncing practically all the capacity for individual effort that was so great an asset to the football giants of the past.

**FIRST STRATEGY.**

Dribbling is, in a nutshell, strategy in the use of the feet.

Though some critics will be found to decry dribbling, on the ground that it makes a player selfish, it is indisputable that occasions will arise when the opponents' defence will be so skilful that the only chance of scoring will rest in a clever piece of individual strategy.

How should a ball be dribbled correctly? This is a question on which many experts will differ.

Some will say that it should be kept continually spinning by means of rapid touches of the right foot one after the other, the left foot only being used to guide it in the required direction.

Men who dribble in this way will not let the ball get more than twelve inches or so away from their feet; so that it is obviously a slow, if pretty, mode of progression. Men who can do it well are the sort of players who can dribble a ball continuously round a sixpence, and perform similar feats of skill.

**FAST DRIBBLING.**

But to my mind, this is not the best form of dribbling. In common, I am sure, with most of my fellow-players, I prefer a faster method. Who was the football scribe, who wrote these lines?:

"It is better to dribble slowly and surely
Than showily and insecurely."

In a sense, he is right; but it should not be forgotten that slowness does not always connote sureness. Far from it. The slower you are going, the easier it is, generally, for an equally clever half-back to take the ball from you.

In my humble opinion, the ball should be kept in motion about a yard away from the dribbler, and should be propelled with gentle kicks from the instep of each foot, one after the other.

Although dribbling proper may be said to consist solely of the process outlined above, still practice has brought it to include a certain amount of tricky dodging and feinting as well. There is no space in a short article to explain these fully, but they are all practically modelled on one form of feint.

**A NEAT TRICK.**

The "kick and jump" is a fairly popular one. It is a rather acrobatic sort of trick, for it consists in tipping the ball quickly to the side, when tackled, as though with the idea of passing, and almost simultaneously taking a quick spring after it *from the same foot*, and catching it again. It is easy to see, however, that this dodge needs a lot of practice.

Doubtless a good many readers will remember a very well-known University and Corinthian forward, who used to practise the following trick, which was, I believe, an invention of his own.

He had an almost uncanny skill in tapping the ball on the top with his foot, and making it bounce to a considerable height, and when he was tackled this is what he did.

He tapped it so that it bounced knee-high, when he touched it with his knee, and lofted it over the tackler's head. Then he dashed round him, and went on dribbling.

In conclusion, here is a hint to keen would-be dibblers. Practise as much as you like *with a Rugby ball*, and when you can dribble well with that cumbrous affair, you will be surprised at what you can do with an Association "pill."

James Petrie Noble.


**Football! Football! Football!**

**WHITE, FISHER & CO.,**

*THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS,*

**BASLE, SWITZERLAND,**

Beg to announce that they are offering a

**STARTLING INCREASE OF PRICES ON SHORT CARD.**

**Every Match in the Four Leagues to choose from.**
**Over 60,000 Winning Coupons paid in 1910.**

**£25 FREE OFFER** (Open to all Clients.)

If you mention this paper when applying for List of Matches, Prices, &c., they will send you FREE OF COST a sample packet of their famous FOOTBALL WHIFF CIGARETTES. Write at once. Postcard 1d.

**WHITE, FISHER and CO., Basle, Switzerland**

Free Postage. Free Postage.

**WHY DON'T YOU DEFEAT YOUR BOOKMAKER?**

You can easily do so with

**Allen's Daily System Wires**

— AND —

**Allen's Method of Investment**

*(Copyright. Entered at Stationers' Hall).*

**MAKE MONEY ON THE TURF!**
**START RACING ON PAYING LINES!**

**I Guarantee You a Regular Income**

from the Turf each Season without fail. Read all about this in my Book!

**YOU CAN START WITH £3 CAPITAL!**
**Profits often exceed £10 daily!**

**MAKE A FREE TEST NOW!**

**FREE TRIAL!!**
**20 Days' Selections**
**FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!**

Yes! My advice free! If you will merely prove your *bona fide* interest by observing the simple conditions, and will send your name and address on a post card mentioning The Modern Man, I will give you my actual Daily Information, for 20 days,

**FREE OF CHARGE!!!**

Also, if you send your name and address, mentioning this paper, I will send you my

**56 pp. FREE BOOK!!!**

containing full particulars, proofs, testimonials, etc., and my selections for 1909, 1910, and 1911.

**C. ALLEN,**

**AVENUE CHAMBERS, VERNON PLACE, LONDON, W.C.**

Telegrams: "Reglincom, London."

# The Outer Man

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

**WARM GLOVES.**

The chilly mornings make it necessary to have one's hands encased in comfortable, warm gloves, and in the selection of such necessary articles of apparel there is much diversity of opinion.

Some men swear by leather gloves which are lined with wool or even with rabbit fur, but, to my thinking, these are rather clumsy things.

They always look as if you had very fat, swollen fingers, and were suffering from dropsy or something. The lining does not show, and therefore people don't understand why your hands look fat.

I don't think you can really beat a pair of good worsted gloves for warmth. They are very cheap, and in cold weather they are quite correct with a tweed overcoat, though, of course, you wouldn't wear them with a morning-coat and a silk hat.

White worsted gloves should be left alone. They are too conspicuous. Set your choice on a grey or brown pair, to match your overcoat.

For weather that is only moderately cold, a pair of thick driving gloves are unbeatable, and they look very sporting providing you have them patched in the places where the reins come.

**THE YOUNG TRAM CONDUCTOR.**

Last Sunday afternoon, while travelling on the top of a tramcar, I noticed a young man whose face seemed somewhat familiar. He was wearing a white panama hat with the brim turned up at each side, and it made him look effeminate. His suit also was loud in pattern.

As I was debating as to where I had last seen him, the conductor came up for the fares, and began talking familiarly to this young man. Then I remembered that he also was a conductor on this line, although his Sunday clothes disguised him.

He had struck me more than once while in his uniform as being a smart, well set-up, youngster. The uniforms of the tramway conductors on that line are of a semi-military cut, and are very becoming to most of the men.

When this young man had his Sunday off, and could dress as he liked, he spoiled his appearance altogether by putting on that showy suit and the effeminate looking panama, which was the more out of place at this late time of the season. If he had contented himself with a smart navy-blue suit for his Sunday best, he would have looked as manly a chap as he certainly does in his conductor's uniform.

**WRISTLET WATCHES.**

Not so long ago a man would have been branded as effeminate had he been seen wearing a small wristlet watch of the present pattern, for such things had hitherto been associated with the dainty hands of ladies. But all that has changed. Some bold reformer adopted the wristlet watch for masculine wear, and it proved so useful in many ways that it now finds a place on the wrists of, I should think, quite fifty per cent. of all office workers and others whose work is not of a kind to make the wearing of a watch in that position out of the question.

Not only are wristlet watches handy in showing you the time without compelling you to grope about in a waistcoat pocket, but they also give a sort of finish to a man's wrist, and form a bit of ornamentation which is in every way excusable.

Occasionally one still sees a man wearing a cumbrous watch in a heavy wrist-strap, such as was sometimes worn twenty years ago, but that looks very old-fashioned, and it catches on the sleeves, and give no end of trouble. The right sort of wristlet watch is about the size of a florin.

**Are you wearing last Winter's Suit or Overcoat?**

**3/6** will make it look New.

The suit or overcoat you had last Winter may be in excellent condition as far as the material goes, but it may not appear quite new because it has lost its shape through wear and probably through careless packing.

During the warm summer months these heavy suits or overcoats have been in wardrobes or drawers, and are possibly wrinkled and out of shape.

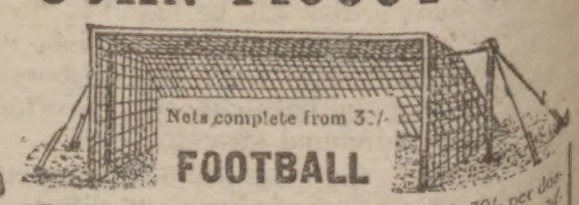
Now is the time to make a practical test of our method of Cleaning, Repairing, and Tailor-Pressing Clothes.

Simply wrap up the old suit or overcoat and send it to us with a postal order for 3s. 6d. In three days' time you will have the clothes back looking perfectly fresh, free from wrinkles and pressed back to their original shape.

Carriage paid one way. Alterations and Repairs of every description.

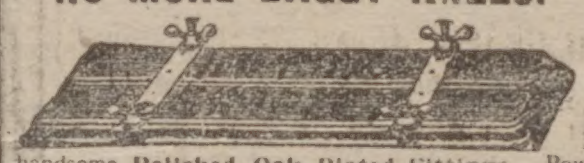
**The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.**
**144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.**
Telephone: North 260 (2 lines). Established 1900.

**FOOTBALL OUTFITS.** **JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.**




JERSEYS—1/11, 2/6, 3/6 each; 21/-, 27/6, 39/- per doz. (Postage 3d.)
KNICKERS—
White Swansdown 1/4, 2/2 per pair; 14/-, 24/- per doz. pairs.
Navy Blue Serge 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9 per pair; 14/-, 19/-, 31/-, 43/- per doz. pairs.
SPECIAL BELTLESS KNICKERS. Postage on Knickers, 3d.
Navy Serge, 2/3, 3/- per pair; 25/-, 34/- per doz. pairs.
White Swansdown, 2/6 per pair; 28/- per doz. pairs.
HOSE—1/-, 1/6, 1/11 per pair, postage 3d.
BOOTS—6/11, 7/6 (8/6 as sketch), 8/11, postage 3d.
FOOTBALLS—5/-, 5/9, 6/9 (8/11 as sketch), 9/9, 10/6, postage 4d.
*SEND FOR FOOTBALL CATALOGUE, Post Free.*
Address—(M.U.B.G. Dept), 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE & MILK ST., E.C.

**NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.** Price **5/9** Carriage paid.



*Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant cut to Trousers.* **Save you 50%.** Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, handsome **Polished Oak, Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars, full length. Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval.** Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free.*
*H. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.*

**CLOTHES WISDOM**

Five feet or more of clothes and a few inches of face. That's what a man shows the world. You didn't choose your face, but you *can* choose your clothes; and if you are wise you will choose McKinley clothes this season.

McKinley clothes command respect and win you credit for good taste and judgment. McKinley clothes are made to measure by experts from the finest Scotch and English materials, yet they cost only half the price that most high-class tailors charge.

| | To Measure |
|---|---|
| **Suits - -** | **30s. to 55s.** |
| **Overcoats -** | **25s. to 50s.** |

*Carriage Paid to any address. No extras. Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.*

The McKinley scientific self-measurement chart enables anyone to take measures as easily and accurately as an experienced tailor. Send for Booklet "M.N." and our magnificent range of new patterns. They will be sent post free to any address together with chart, fashion plates, and tape measure. **Write to-day!**

**C. & G. McKINLEY,** *Tailoring Specialists,*
**Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM ST., LONDON, E.C.**

***When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."***

UNDER THE ARM.

If you want to know whether a suit is really a good fit, examine it critically when you are trying it on, just under the arm and round towards the back.

You will require a back mirror to make this examination. It is at that point just where the sleeve joins the seam that runs up the side of the coat where unskilful tailors make their mistakes.

The sleeve should be placed so as to allow perfect freedom of movement, but at the same time there should be no unnecessary wrinkles showing in the cloth.

CASHMERE TROUSERS.

Cashmere trousers are things of which the average man is possessed of only a couple of pairs or so. They are part of his morning-coat or frock-coat suit, a suit which is reserved for marriages and other ceremonial occasions.

The morning-coat remains good for years, but the trousers require occasional renewal, and so one finds oneself with a pair of cashmere trousers which, though not quite smart enough to wear with a morning-coat, are still perfectly serviceable. How is one going to wear them out?

In the City you may see some men wearing cashmere trousers and a navy blue jacket, but I do not think that the effect is pleasing. These trousers do not look well except with a black jacket and vest; if you do not possess these you might do worse than have a black jacket and vest made for you.

Have them braided if you like. You will then be possessed of an additional suit which will be very useful for business wear.

DRESSY STICKS AND OTHERS.

There are fashions in sticks as in all other things. For country use, and even for town if you are wearing a rough tweed suit, the correct thing at the present moment is a rough ash stick without any polish or any silver mount.

Such a stick can, of course, only be used with a lounge suit. When you are in full-dress, either frock- or morning-coat, you should carry a more elaborate stick—well polished, and with a small silver mount.

The material and shape of the handle is a matter for your own taste. Many favour the crutch-form of handle, but the crook is far more convenient, for you can hang the stick over your arm and leave your hands free, if you want to do so.

UMBRELLAS.

Speaking of walking-sticks leads one to the subject of umbrellas.

The majority of men dislike carrying an umbrella; but for city life, at least, it is often useful.

One's dislike to it is probably due to its lack of balance. It is no good to use as a walking-stick, for the stem is too fragile; and, the weight of the cloth being chiefly at the top, the bottom part is too light in proportion. Nevertheless the umbrella for town use will always remain more or less a necessity.

It is not a pretty thing at best, but it becomes absolutely ugly if it is badly rolled or mud-stained.

Brushing is not sufficient in these days for cleaning an umbrella, for the mud spots have in them an element of motor oil, which can only be removed by soap and water. When your umbrella is dirty, you should, therefore, remove such spots with soap and a nail-brush. You should avoid wetting more of the umbrella than is necessary, and you must not, of course, roll it up until it has dried.

As to the rolling of an umbrella, this is a very important thing, so far as concerns its appearance.

The umbrella should be closed, and the spokes fixed with the clip or the rubber band provided for that purpose, and each fold of the cloth between the spokes should then be laid one above the other. When this has been done, start rolling the umbrella tightly from the bottom upwards. It is not a thing that can be done in a hurry if it is to be done well.

If an umbrella is to be used for dressy occasions, with a silk hat, &c., the cover of it should be silk and not cotton or silk mixture.


GET A "VERACITY"

Get a "Veracity" to-day. It is the best advice we can give you. A "Veracity" Watch will last 20 years! 260,000 wearers of "Veracity" Watches give you the same advice. **GET A "VERACITY."** The "Veracity" is the most Famous True Timekeeping Watch constructed—a few years ago such a perfect mechanism was only within the reach of a few; to-day it is offered to you in Solid Silver Cases for **27/-** cash, **30/-** on Easy Terms for **2/6** Deposit. (Full Hunting Cases **35/-**.) Send **2/6** with order, pay **2/6** on delivery and **5/-** monthly. These easy terms allow you to own either of the following "Veracity" Watches:

**2/6 DEPOSIT.**

**30/- Keywind Silver Open Face Lever.**
**30/- Keyless Silver Open Face Lever.**
**35/- Keywind Silver Full Hunter.**
**35/- Keyless Silver Full Hunter.**
**40/- Keyless Silver Demi-Hunter.**
**30/- Keyless Rolled Gold Lever.**
**35/- Keyless Lady's Gold Watch.**

Every "Veracity" is fully guaranteed for 7 years.—We will send one in exchange for **2/6** Deposit to approved purchasers. Colonial orders (cash) solicited.

We also supply Jewellery, Clocks, Cutlery, Gramophones, Suits, etc., on Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

**MASTERS, Ltd.,**
**85, Hope Stores, Rye, Eng.**



AN APOLOGY

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE "MODERN MAN" LEAGUE.

*Gentlemen,—We are exceedingly obliged for the hundreds of letters and postcards from "Modern Man" readers which have reached us during the last few days expressing their appreciation and satisfaction with the work entrusted to us.*

*It is quite impossible to thank each one individually; therefore please accept our heartiest thanks for your appreciation of our efforts which will certainly stimulate us to endeavour to do our very best to retain your confidence.*

*Yours faithfully,*

**The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.,**
34, 36, 38, and 40, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, LONDON, N.W.
Tel.: North 2382 (2 lines).

Now, gentlemen, is the time to look up your last year's Overcoat or Winter Suits. Do not order a new one until you have seen what we can actually do with your last year's.

Let us take out the dust, the stains and grease spots, thoroughly repair it, rework the buttonholes, replace missing buttons, &c., &c.

Carefully tailor-press the garment to its original shape, and send it back to you looking and hanging as well as when it first came home new from your tailor.

It is impossible to describe our wonderful Reviving process on paper, you must see the result to appreciate all we can really do to make your Overcoat or Suit look new again.

Convince yourself of the truth of this statement, as thousands of gentlemen have done, and send your overcoat or suit along to-day with P.O. 3/9. Within three days we will return it packed in a strong box, carriage paid, and if you are not satisfied with the result **your money will be returned in full.**

You may have had a garment renovated at some time or other by some other Firm, the result of which did not come up to your expectations. We would ask you especially to send us **one** overcoat or **one** suit as a trial order, we will then be able to convince you that our original process, initiated by a few, but equalled by none, is absolutely unique, which enables us to carry out all we claim for it.

At the lowest possible charge, consistent with first-class workmanship and absolute satisfaction.

# Amazing Discovery Regarding Nerve Troubles.

**A Well-known business man tells how he cured himself of Neurasthenia, and since thousands of others of Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Loss of Memory, Nerve-pains, Physical Weakness, and other Nerve Disorders.**

## Three Days' Free Trial Treatment to All

After years of strenuous fighting I at last had achieved success, but at what a cost! My nerves were shattered, and I was a physical wreck. The business I had built up with such care and such hard work seemed destined to fail for want of a strong will behind it. No one can imagine the heartfailings and the trepidation with which I entered business every morning.

### A NERVE-WRECKED MAN.

At last I had to give up. I was denied sleep, lost my appetite, lost flesh, felt wretched, was subject to fits of fear, melancholy, and hopelessness. At times I suffered excruciating pains in my head, while at other times I had Neuritis pains in my arms and legs. Not only did I find no pleasure in business, but I did not even take interest in my recreations. My political work—I was always interested in questions of social reform—I neglected. Nothing interested me. I was lethargic, pessimistic, and apathetic.

### MY WIFE'S DESPAIR.

My wife was in despair. She besought me to make an effort; did all she could to interest me; urged me to try this doctor and then that, and at last persuaded me to take three months' holiday on the Continent. All, however, was fruitless. I slowly became worse, became haggard, drawn, and prematurely old. Then I began to read the subject up, read all the books written on nervous troubles, tried so-called nature cures, diet-cures, and all sorts of drugs. All, however, to no avail.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

One night I was listlessly reading, when a friend whom I had not seen for years was announced. I gladly jumped up to greet him. During our conversation he remarked on my appearance, and I told him my story—told him how I suffered and how disastrous it had all been for me. His first words, after I had explained my case, startled me and then annoyed me. He said: "You're all right, old man. Wait until to-morrow, and I'll bring you a prescription that will set you up. The treatment I'll bring you is different to anything you have tried. It's not a drug—does not flay your nerves into an unnatural activity; it's a food—nerve food—and it slowly but surely builds up the wasting nerve tissue." Next day, true to his promise, he brought that which eventually cured me. Nothing but a few tiny powders, but how potent! How wonderful! Slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, I found myself getting better.

**Mr. GEORGE BERESFORD,**
*whose generous free offer should be availed of by all Nerve Sufferers, even if everything else has failed.*

### CURED AT LAST.

My sleep returned, interest gave place to the old apathy of the past, I became energetic again and eager for work. Fear and trepidation, which before had made my life a misery, slowly disappeared, and in a couple of months I was a different man. I enjoyed my life, was once again a happy man, and my business brought me all the old-time pleasure. I achieved success after success, and was once more really living—living every hour of my life. From time to time I gave the powders away to people who suffered from such nerve troubles as Neuralgia, Brain-fag, Loss of Spirits, Insomnia, Nervous Prostration, Physical and Mental Exhaustion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder, Hysteria, Loss of Memory, Listlessness, and the like, and in each and every case I found that great benefit was experienced, and that in the majority of cases a cure was eventually brought about.

I then came to the conclusion that I owed a duty to suffering humanity, and decided, with my friend's permission, that the remedy which cured me should be brought to the notice of other sufferers.

### A THREE DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

I put the matter on a business basis—I am a business man—and offered my cure, which I named "Sedalis," to all sufferers from nerve troubles, and it met with instantaneous success. All sufferers should at once write me personally regarding their trouble, and if they fill in the coupon below I shall be pleased to send them a three days' free trial of "Sedalis," together with my letter of advice.

### 3 DAYS' FREE TRIAL COUPON.

To Mr. George Beresford,
Desk 58,
199, Strand, London, W.C.

Please send me sufficient "Sedalis" powders for 3 days' free trial. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

*Date*.....

Name .....

Address.....

.....

*Please write plainly, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or full title.*

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, The Modern Man, Ltd., by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies*: Gordon & Gotch, London, etc. *South Africa*: The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc.